

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JANUARY 1977 \$2.25

THIS ISSUE:
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PHOTOS EVER

PLUS
ANOTHER
LIFE-SIZE
CENTERFOLD

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TO MEN'S
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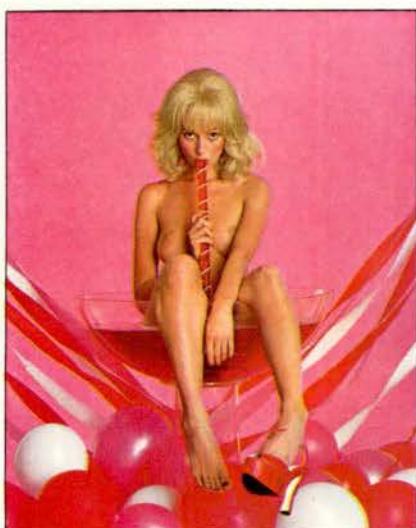
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Show & Tell



STARTING FRESH

January is the time to build the foundation for a new year from the best of the old one. In the midst of our Bicentennial legal battles for freedom of expression, we received some unpublished photos of Vietnam war atrocities. The photographs set us to wondering how the government could possibly allow such a waste of life to occur and at the same time condemn magazines as obscene for showing nudity and sex. **THE REAL OBSCENITY: WAR** gives you a guttugging look at gross irreverence for life.

We asked *Country Music* Managing Editor **MICHAEL BANE** to investigate yet another put-on: the image of outlaw musician **DAVID ALLAN COE**. Michael

spent three months chasing a bum steer. Bane was told that Coe was racing across Texas, penniless, stealing diesel fuel for his bus. Michael now adds Coe to Hank Williams, Jr. in his **HUSTLER PROFILE** collection.

This month, two features continue our line of informative consumer articles from last year. **DAVE GALE**, San Francisco Ball Managing Editor, compiled **HUSTLER'S SECOND ANNUAL UNBIASED CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES**. Dave has free-lanced for men's magazines for five years, and he is the author of adult books available "in thousands of bookstores under thousands of pseudonyms."

In the second consumer feature, former brothel owner **SAM CONLEY** gives us some basic tips in **HOW TO APPROACH A HOOKER**. His wealth of experience makes January's **SEX PLAY** a must for the first-time john.

When **HAROLD NORSE** first wrote a short story for us last year, we said he was more famous in Europe than in America. When Norse sent us **THE NUN'S TAIL**, he said that his latest book, *Hotel Nirvana* (City Lights Books), is selling tremendously here, as is an anthology containing some of his poetry. **THE NUN'S TAIL** is the type of erotic fiction that should keep his fame spiraling upward.

Advertising satirist **STEPHEN SAYADIAN** returns to poke more fun at marketing in **HUSTLER TAKES A LOOK AT MADISON AVENUE**. Steve is now a member of HUSTLER's advertising staff, where he can apply his distaste for ridiculous sales pitches to insure honesty and a clever approach to our ads.

Our hot girl spreads were the best of 1976, and our centerfold, **KARYN**, opens a hot 1977. She's aided and abetted by **RAQUEL, CONSTANCE** and **FRAN: THE EXHIBITIONIST**, all of whom will make you want to enjoy **A PASSING FANCY**. The year is young, and we can't think of a better way to start it off.

Althea Flynt

Associate Publisher
& Executive Editor



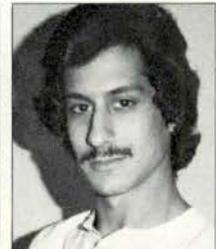
Bane



Gale



Norse



Sayadian

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

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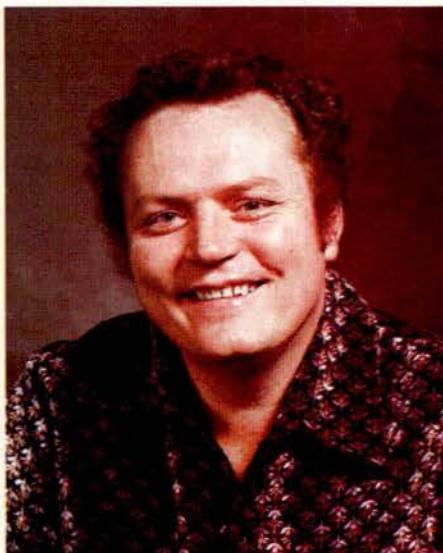
JUST FOR LAUGHS

HUSTLER has become famous as a national men's magazine that reflects different aspects of society. HUSTLER offers beautiful girls, honest reporting, ballsy editorials and unique humor. Sometimes our humor mocks racial stereotypes and physical afflictions. In doing this, HUSTLER's intentions are to get us to laugh at ourselves in order to view life in its proper perspective.

Lately, however, we have received a lot of mail concerning some of our cartoons and *Bits & Pieces* features from people who have obviously misinterpreted our offbeat humor. They have forgotten that a sense of humor can help us to laugh at a situation that might otherwise bring tears.

HUSTLER lashes out at society's taboos, myths and warped standards when we satirize racial stereotypes. In fact, Humor and Cartoon Editor Dwaine B. Tinsley is always looking for racial jokes that make the stereotypical image—not the race—the laughing matter. Before Dwaine came to HUSTLER, he sold a number of cartoons to the black men's magazine *Players*. Many of these cartoons involved the same themes as the supposedly "offensive" racial jokes that we have printed. Yet *Players'* readers accepted them for what they were—a mockery of ridiculous stereotypes.

That's just our point. We are as prone to ridicule the image of the white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant as we are to lay into any other group. If we honestly believed in any of the common myths about the races, we would promote them in our editorial pages, not in our jokes.



Our presentation of satire is not limited to race. The best satire is often based on the unfortunate aspects of life. Any good satire merely expands on the human condition, of which tragedy is a part.

We got hell for a cartoon we printed in January 1976 concerning First Lady Betty Ford's mastectomy. We aren't out to humiliate those with physical handicaps but to make a sad situation a little less sad by confronting head-on the fears that plague us all. If Betty Ford, Happy Rockefeller and my own mother, who has undergone a mastectomy, can accept their situations, we can expect no less from our readers.

Humor like the stillborn baby cartoon in the August 1976 issue and the joke in *HUSTLER Humor* concerning dead babies in a garbage can is designed to do more than entertain: It should make us stop and reexamine our values and attitudes. Remember the classic W. C.

Fields line? When asked if he liked children, Fields replied, "Only if they're properly cooked." Such black humor is typical of HUSTLER, but we are no more ghoulish than W. C. Fields was cannibalistic.

We don't give you the ordinary; we give you controversy because it makes you think. I believe that if an idea is thought-provoking, then it's right for HUSTLER, regardless of my own personal feelings. I can guarantee you that when we handle a serious subject, like our article on VD in the December 1976 issue, it is handled in a straightforward manner. In fact, this issue's report on the senseless war killings and the press's whitewashing of these activities is another effort on our part to give the straight story to Americans.

I just ask you to bear in mind that HUSTLER magazine's irreverence extends across the board, even to us. In fact, I was once *Asshole of the Month* in my own magazine, and from time to time the staff manages to get in some jabs at themselves by mocking their own particular stereotypes. We all take it in good humor.

After considering my position, if you still find HUSTLER—or parts of it—"offensive," I suggest that you buy *Playboy* or *Penthouse* instead. I'm sure that money means more to them than principles.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Larry Flynt".

Editor and Publisher

FEEDBACK

BLACK DAY FOR CARTOONS

On more than one occasion, you have pictured the black man to be an ignorant, eye-bulging, watermelon-eating fool. Let me enlighten your dumb ass about all the black people you stole from their own country. You raped, beat, burned, castrated and tried to obliterate them altogether. Black men and women of the United States and all over the world have proven that they are just as intelligent and strong and capable of doing anything just as good and many times better than any white motherfucker on this earth. Since you stereotype the black man as a watermelon eater, you have also, in turn, stereotyped yourself as a narrow-minded tunnel-visioned idiot.

You claim that Ford had a lot of nerve and stupidity for pardoning Nixon. But hell, you have more gall and stupidity than that bastard will ever have. If you racist crackers would get your heads out of your asses long enough to get a breath of fresh air, you might realize that a number of your three million readers are black and do not appreciate your fucking dry ass humor.

Craig A. Garner
Newark, New Jersey

You must have read this issue's Statement by now, and if you are as smart as the black people you talk about, you'll realize that we're poking fun at stereotypes, not people. Our cartoons are designed to make you laugh, not to put you in a black mood.

The cartoons in your November 1976 issue of a smiling black woman feeding her baby a watermelon-shaped bottle and of a black man caught in a rat trap while trying to get at a piece of watermelon were both absurd and really out of character with black people.

I don't know how come everyone associates watermelon with black people, and vice versa. I am sure there are a lot of whites who eat watermelon, too. As a black woman who reads your magazine and usually enjoys it, I feel that these racist cartoons will cause you to lose a lot of black readers. I'm sure your staff is capable of writing jokes that are in good taste and not ethnically degrading; so why don't they?

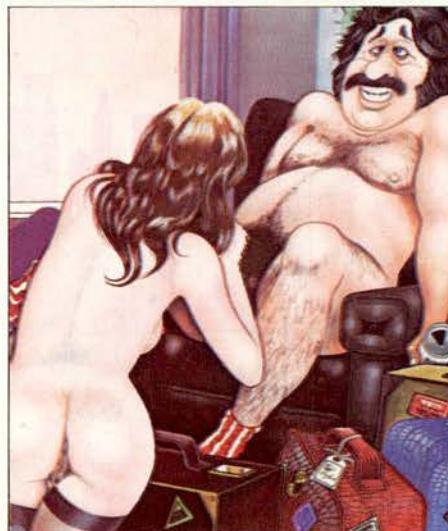
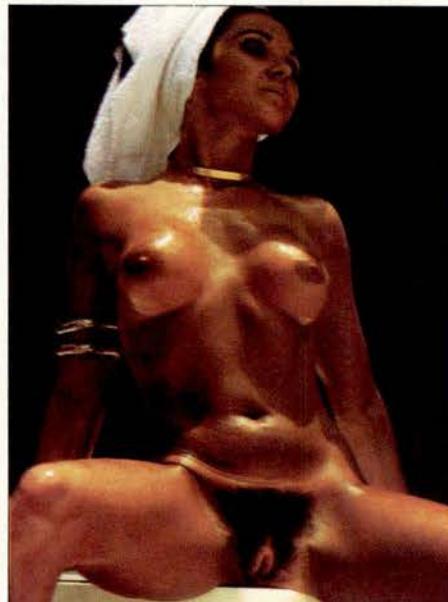
Juanita Richardson
Boston, Massachusetts

In the October 1976 issue of HUSTLER, a cartoon on page 110 drew my attention, "Rats. Burned another one." What the fuck are you trying to prove? Do you hate blacks, or what is it? You seem to have a superiority complex.

As I see it, your May 1976 *Most Tasteless Cartoon*, "Monkey Fuck," showed prejudice toward blacks, too.

"White boys," you'd best get your act together. Why don't you put some pretty black cunt in HUSTLER's centerfold. Are you afraid of "black beaver," too?

I guess you know by now I'm black. HUSTLER



is my favorite magazine and always will be, but you "white boys" should resign. I know that this comment will never be in Feedback. It's too embarrassing to you, and you only print the sweet ones. Besides, I'm not white! But remember I am watching you.

James Gove, Jr.
Ft. Lewis, Washington

Wait until you get a look at Raquel, the black beaver in this month's issue. What are we trying to prove with our outrageous cartoons? For one thing, we're trying to prove that equality means no sacred cows. If HUSTLER allowed itself to be spooked by anybody—blacks, politicians, you name it—we wouldn't deserve the support of our readers, whatever color they are.

SHEILA: IN STITCHES

HUSTLER's November 1976 centerfold, Sheila ("A Hard Worker") certainly appears to be a superchick, and the photography of her was great. But the photographer should have taken away her towel to show some better shots of her boobs. The telltale stitches under Sheila's tits indicated that she has had a silicone-implant job. Inasmuch as silicone jobs are a fact of many women's lives, you should have given your readers a clear look at the one Sheila had.

You might find that an article following a woman through the surgical process of silicone implantation would make for very interesting reading. Also, it would let many more guys know that their gals can have a day under the knife—the results of which can really turn a guy on. Many more women might make mountains out of their molehills after seeing such an article.

"Interested Reader"
Lincoln, Nebraska

AH, THERE'S THE RUB

In regard to your October 1976 issue, I would like to compliment Frank Fortunato on the great job he did getting fucked and sucked across the United States. Thanks to his massage-parlor ratings, I'll know where to go the next time I travel.

I do not blame him for not stopping in my hometown, Detroit (Slaughter City). If he had, he probably would have been S&Med to death in a back alley.

Flynt and the rest of the gang, keep up the great work.

"A HUSTLER Fan"
Detroit, Michigan

TOOTH OR CONSEQUENCES

Why the attack on Governor Carter in your November 1976 Statement? Did you send the same list of questions about pornography and the law to President Ford?

I doubt that Carter was busy "cleaning his teeth at the car wash," as you suggest, when your questionnaire arrived. He was probably busy

reaching a larger audience of readers in his *Playboy* interview. I think that interview was very straightforward for a presidential candidate, and it touched on many of the questions you raised in your own list.

Since *Playboy* has scooped you on Carter's feelings about sex, perhaps you'll reconsider your opinion in an upcoming issue. You claimed to be interested in "keeping an open line to the people," but you'll probably be too busy wiping the egg off your face to keep those lines open. Could it be that you've been trying out for your own *Asshole of the Month* award?

Name Withheld by Request
Atlanta, Georgia

We first approached Carter for an interview over a year ago, certainly long before any such offer came to him from *Playboy*. After a lot of political dodging and weaving, he refused to respond to our questions in any way, even to the point of ignoring a questionnaire we sent him on First Amendment rights. Any man who ignores a request made on behalf of over three million voters does not deserve *HUSTLER*'s endorsement.

BETTER BY A COCK HAIR

I took the October 1976 issue of *HUSTLER* home for my wife to see, and when she read about "Clean-Shaven Cock" in your Feedback section, she asked me if she could shave my crotch. I told her that she could if it would make her happy. So that night my wife shaved my underarms, arms, crotch and legs. She said I looked much better without any hair on my arms

and legs, and you know, she is absolutely right.

My wife has always shaved her armpits and cunt, and now it's a turn-on for both of us to be hairless.

"The Hairless Hawaiian"
Honolulu, Hawaii

STOP CRIME WITH SEX

Excellent is the only adjective in the English language to describe your *Statement* ("Political Sex Scandals") in the September 1976 issue of *HUSTLER*. I enjoy this type of reading since I believe that variety is the spice of life. What you said is true: Why not get legislators to pass a law making sex a public thing? If politicians were not so greedy and passed the good times down to all adult men and women, crime would be cut by a big percentage.

Richard Dater
Rockaway Township, New Jersey

BUTTS AND OTHER SHIT

HUSTLER's November 1976 antismoking ad was horribly effective. I wish to congratulate you and offer this definition of a cigar: "A cigar is a breath-freshener for people who eat shit."

B. G.
Foxboro, Massachusetts

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH

My husband and I both love your magazine. *HUSTLER* is a household word here. We always fight over the new issues. I love the cartoons, so I

read those first and then go back and read all the other good shit. The people who say bad things about *HUSTLER* are all fucking crazy; your mag is the best.

Every month I tell my husband not to buy any mag but *HUSTLER* because all the money he spends on the others is wasted. Still, he won't listen. Is there any way that you could publish *HUSTLER* every week?

Keep up the good work, but see if you can bring out the mag at least twice a month. Right now, it's a long wait between issues.

K. T.
White Bluff, Tennessee

We've been kicking around the idea of publishing *HUSTLER* twice a month, but we'd like more reader feedback before making a decision one way or the other.

ROTTEN TO THE CORPS

We are combat-experienced marine corps sergeants who have been reading your magazine ever since the first issue. Our base is somewhat isolated, so we often travel 40 miles to pick up new issues.

We have heard that *HUSTLER* is going to be banned from the PX system because of its explicit content. What in hell is the reasoning that causes a 27-year-old man to be deprived of your stimulating magazine? The brass doesn't mind training us to spill guts, but they won't let us look at a beautiful pussy. Do they want to make fags out of us?

We plan to subscribe, but the idea of being forced to do it makes our assholes pucker. Your magazine is the best thing since canned beer. Keep it up.

Sergeants F. S. and G. T.
USMC
FPO Seattle, Washington

As far as we know, *HUSTLER* has not been banned by the navy post exchanges, although there have been incidents of army and air force censorship. We know it's a bitch when a 27-year-old man can't read what he pleases, but think how you'd feel if you were a 60-year-old general who couldn't get it up anymore. Be sure to get to the PX before your army and air force buddies do.

It is 1:30 A.M. in Okinawa. I am guarding the battalion armory, and I'm really bored. I've been going through my desk and devouring early issues of your magazine. After rereading each for about the 50th time, I started looking through my friend's desk. I soon found out he wasn't much of a friend. In his desk, he had an unadulterated copy of the July 1975 issue, and he had been hogging it all to himself. Can you believe that?

I mean, he has real balls! Over here we have trouble getting copies of your magazine, and the collector's issues (such as July '75) are unheard of. Also, while inspecting old but unforgotten issues, I discovered that *HUSTLER* was showing us bare beavers when *Penthouse* and *Playboy* (Yecch!) were still trying to snow us with brush-in jobs. I'm glad to be with the first and the finest. Keep up the good work.

(continued on page 103)

"The Parkers' dog goes on paper! The Wiltons' dog goes on paper! The...!"



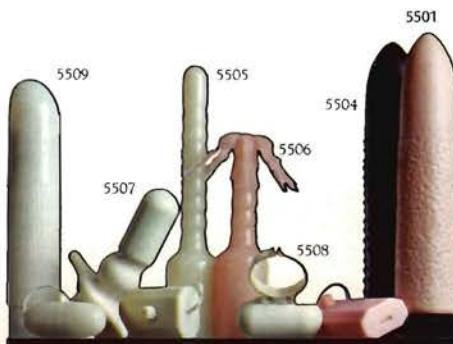
Mother's little helpers.

Mother knows best.

Mother says brush your teeth, change your underwear and give yourself a little present where it will do the most good. The **Caress Vibrator** is made of soft, pliable rubber with a clinging touch. Includes 2 AA batteries. Available smooth and pink (#5501), smooth and black (#5502), pink and rough (#5503) or black and rough (#5504). The **Rectal Aid** slips over any standard 7" vibrator and will fit into any anus (#5505). The **Vaginal Aid** will have ladies humming a new tune when this is introduced into tender areas. Slips over any standard 7" vibrator (#5506). The battery-powered **Contour T Vibrator** goes and comes in more than one direction. Uses 2 AA batteries (#5507). And there's the equally electric **Vibra Cock Ring** (#5508), which uses 2 AA batteries. The steadily buzzing **Dual Vibrator** (#5509) offers you the best at both ends. Uses 2 C batteries.

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Advise & Consent

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, direct your letter to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Edited by Pat Ryan

I am a 25-year-old male in good health. In the skin flicks I see, the cum is thick and creamy white. My cum isn't white but grayish-yellow with jellylike lumps in it. Is there anything wrong with me? How can I make my cum thick and creamy?

Name Withheld by Request
Portland, Oregon

The cum, or ejaculate, of each man is different. From time to time it varies in color from yellow to gray to white. Portions are not liquefied and look lumpy. (These lumps liquefy about 20 minutes after ejaculation.) There is nothing wrong with you, and there is nothing you can do to make your semen white. If you're healthy, you've got nothing

to worry about. Your action is undoubtedly as good as any you see on the screen.

As everyone knows, a woman can make love continuously and for longer periods of time than a man. After ejaculation, a man has to "rest up," but a woman can keep going even after orgasm. Does a woman have a discharge similar to a man's ejaculation? If so, how do they differ? Or is the woman totally different from a man in the way she "gets her load off"?

A. T
San Leandro, California

Even though male and female orgasms are very similar, only a man ejaculates. There are no secretions or discharges with a woman's orgasm. All her secretions occur when she is first aroused. Some women may appear to be having an "ejaculation" because the contractions of their vaginal muscles during orgasm force out the love juices that have flowed previously.

A man's ejaculation is why he must "rest up" for a short time after orgasm. Ejaculation initiates a "refractory period" (a term coined by Masters and Johnson) in the male; blood flow to the penis

is diminished and for a time it is insensitive to further stimulation. However, a woman doesn't have a refractory period and has no trouble becoming aroused again immediately following orgasm. Men and women have orgasms, but only a man's is loaded.

My fiance has two children from his previous marriage. After the second one was born, he had a vasectomy. We would like to have a child after we marry and were wondering about the possible success of a reverse vasectomy. Also, do you know where we could go to have this done?

J. M.
Oroville, California

In a reverse vasectomy, the severed vas deferens tubes are surgically rejoined. Although the opinions of medical authorities on the success rate of this operation vary, 50 percent is commonly quoted. Consult a urologist about performing the surgery for you.

I am a person of limited intelligence and education, but I have been made a supervisor by my employer. Being a supervisor has changed my entire sex life. I noticed that as soon as I started to reprimand my employees, I'd get a hard-on. Soon I was reprimanding ten or twelve men a day, having an erection and shooting a load each time. The bulge in my pants was becoming too obvious, though, so I had to start wearing a jock strap to hold my dick down. I also began wearing rubber pants over my shorts because otherwise I was forced to sit behind my desk until the cum stains dried.

For a while I was having trouble getting a hard-on, but now I have also improved my sex life at home. Now I rub my promotion papers against my dick, and it is hard for an hour. I can shoot a big load. Needless to say, my wife thinks I'm a stud again.

Being in the supervisors' bathroom also turns me on. Just sniffing and rubbing my ass against the toilet that the chief supervisor may have used makes me shoot a load. And when I'm chewing out the trainees, I become so excited I have to go in the bathroom and put cold water on my dick because it swells to such a large size I think it will almost burst. I am passing this information on to other supervisors so they can experience the same pleasures I do.

Name Withheld by Request
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

When one of our supervisors who works here read your letter, he grabbed his contract, screamed at us and ran madly to the bathroom. He was in there for hours and during that time we heard grunts, sniffs and occasional cries of obscene ecstasy. Unfortunately, he had to be rushed to the hospital with severe paper cuts. Since we were so relieved to get him off our backs, we think your employees would be a lot

(continued on page 120)

GRAFFILTHY



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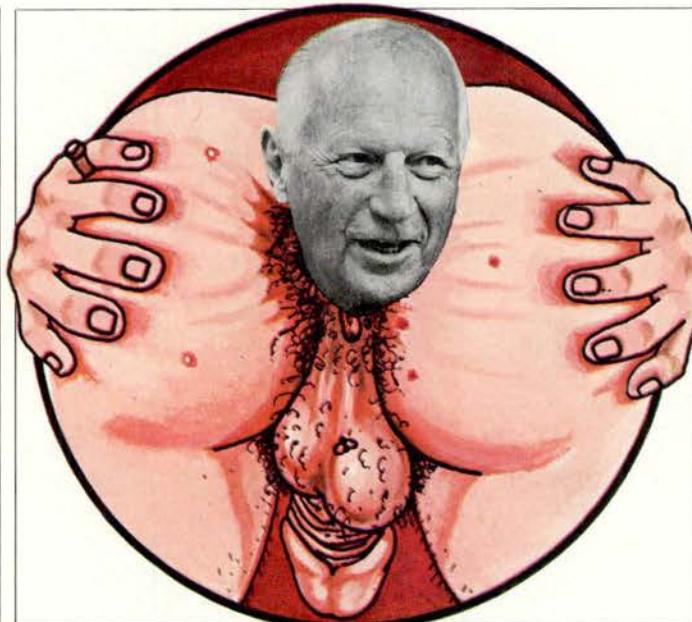
Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

This month our poop-chute salute goes to Mayor Earl E. T. Smith, Palm Beach, Florida, a municipal Mussolini who apparently believes in government by whim. Smith is a 79-year-old Palm Beach financier who was at one time the U.S. ambassador to dictator Batista's Cuba. He has earned his spot as this month's asshole by trying to run HUSTLER out of Palm Beach.

This fucking fugitive from a colostomy bag put pressure on his local newsdealers to drop HUSTLER after several of the "middle-aged and elderly" locals complained to his office. Smith has survived the last six years as mayor by pleasing his millionaire buddies. These old turkeys seem to be pissed because publisher Larry Flynt now has a home in the area. One newsdealer felt that the crusade opposing HUSTLER was begun "to get back at Flynt because he is living in town."

Smith succeeded in pre-



venting the sale of HUSTLER at several newsstands in Palm Beach. He did this by sending letters to newsdealers, some of whom are obviously afraid to cross him. This outright censorship is just one more instance of an old fart using his authority to compensate for his lost youth. Almost all censorship has its beginnings in sexual jealousy, and this whole

mess may be due to an inability to get it up when he sees a passing beach bunny—or even to remember why he should want to get it up. But any sexual shortcomings that an underwear stain like Earl Smith might have are not the point here. The point is that all of us have the right to read whatever we please.

Most people don't recognize

the danger of censorship as it exists here and now. This is probably because politicians, like garden slugs, enjoy a natural protective repulsiveness. Most people simply avoid the scumsuckers and shrug them off as harmless insects. Most politicos are insects, but the more primitive specimens, like Smith, are anything but harmless. They are getting bolder in their attacks on the rights of the free press.

We hate having to devote space in HUSTLER to turd jugglers like Earl E. T. Smith. We'd rather leave them to their usual form of entertainment: creeping down into the municipal garage and sniffing the seats of police cruisers. But the sad fact is that somebody has to ride herd on these assholes to keep them from riding shotgun over all our private lives.

After Smith's cretinous act of censorship, we can't imagine what else he could do to make himself more prominent and painful—unless of course he turned into a hemorrhoid. Then at least we could use the expression "seat of government" with a straight face.

LUST IN SPACE

Captain's Log, Stardate RU12: We could no longer control our lust for Uhura and the aliens. Mr. Spick (his mother was Vulcan, his father Puerto Rican) drew his phaser and pointed it at the dusky brown throat of the communications engineer. As she fell back in a swoon, I grabbed her by her haughty breasts, screaming, "Browneye in space!"

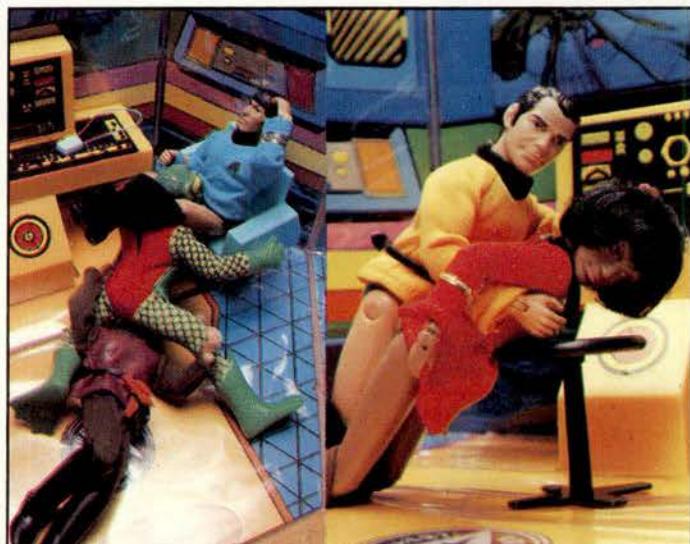
The alien tried to escape, but Spick had rubbed his hair on the floor, causing the green scaly freak to slide into the waiting arms of the Klingon,

who immediately began tonguing the scaly, green-webbed pecker of the Neptunian.

Uhura had secretly lusted for the dark-skinned Klingon and reached for his saber-tipped cock as I pounded into her from the rear. Meanwhile, Spick's pointed probe had found its cold-blooded way into the split-tongued mouth of the monster as his fingers flayed at the bush that hid Uhura's climactic box.

Starfleet Command was very pissed, but it realized that five years in space talking only to weirdos had taken its toll.

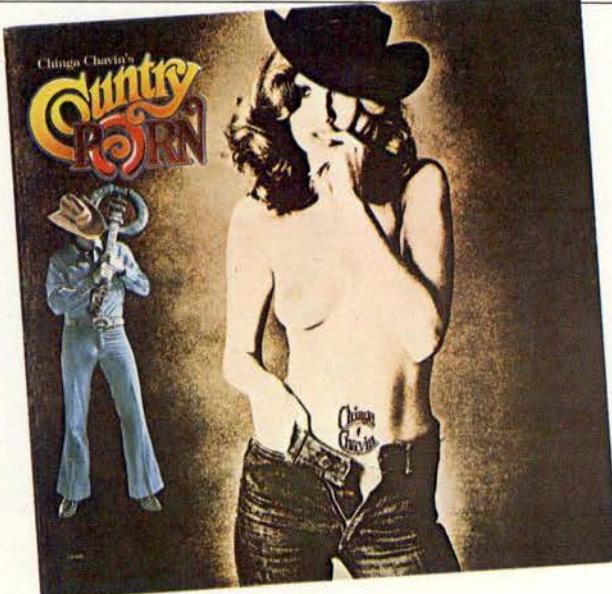
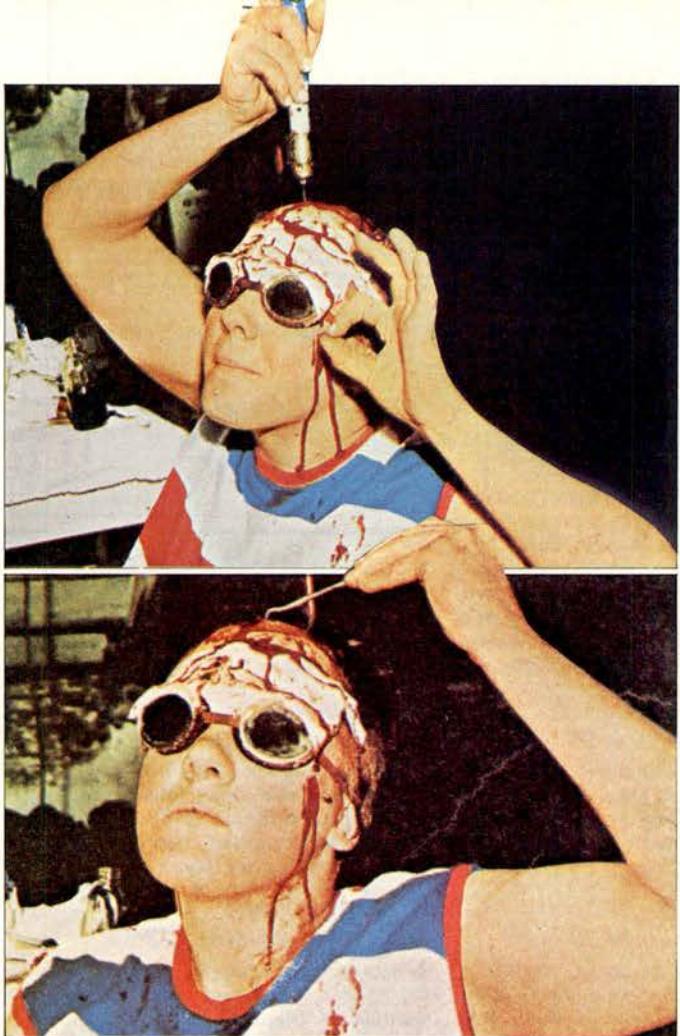
This is Captain Kork, over, under and out.



A BIT OF HEAD

Not much copy on this piece, gang. The Associate Editor it was assigned to took one look and ran puking to the john. He has *Titbits* magazine to thank for that pleasure. *Titbits*, of King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, ran these shots of this girl actually drilling a hole in her skull—an operation

called trepanning, which is supposed to let out the evil spirits, improve understanding or otherwise qualify one to become prosecuting attorney of Cincinnati. We don't recommend that you try it yourself. Push that drill bit just a micrometer too far and you'd wind up drooling in a closet for the rest of your life. Still, the new orifice has possibilities for a lot of empty-headed cunts we know.



PORN SQUEEZINS

You probably read about Chinga Chavin and his band, *Country Porn*, for the first time in *HUSTLER* (April 1976).

With other magazines joining the rush to "discover" Chinga after *HUSTLER*'s article about him, things are looking up for him and his group. Not long ago, Chavin was making his living by tending bar in Mexican whorehouses.

Chinga Chavin is to country music what Alice Cooper was to rock, or what *HUSTLER* is to the more self-impressed men's magazines. Chinga's brand-new album, *Chinga Chavin's Country Porn* (\$8.98 LP and \$9.98 eight track, from CP Products, P. O. Box 548, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022) is an outrageous satire on every millionaire good ole boy who ever sashayed around a stage in rhinestones.

Chinga's music, like his name ("Chinga" is south of the border lingo for "fuck you"), is

rude, crude and lewd. It has a kind of humor all its own, which can only be likened to the stifled laughter you'll get by dropping a baby on its head at the christening.

The best cut on the album is "Asshole from El Paso." Merle Haggard's Okies from Muskogee may be good Americans, but Chinga's answer, the El Paso Asshole, is a mighty weird citizen who prides himself on his nonconformity. "We don't tie and macrame our nose hairs/Like the hippies out in San Francisco do...."

It's about time somebody took on the more irritating features of country music, and with his *Country Porn*, Chinga Chavin sure 'nuff gets his licks in. Sheep fucking and nose hairs may not be traditional Nashville themes, but, good buddy, when ole Chinga sings about them, it's funnier than Dolly Parton trying to sleep on her stomach.

RETURN OF THE GERBER PEOPLE

It must be hell to go through life with the same mug you had when you popped into this world, especially when your ears continue to develop at a normal rate. No one on the *HUSTLER* staff—whose faces

are etched with the strain of sin and total degradation—has been able to imagine what kind of dull existence is necessary to keep that fresh young look. We suppose it has something to do with being Republican.

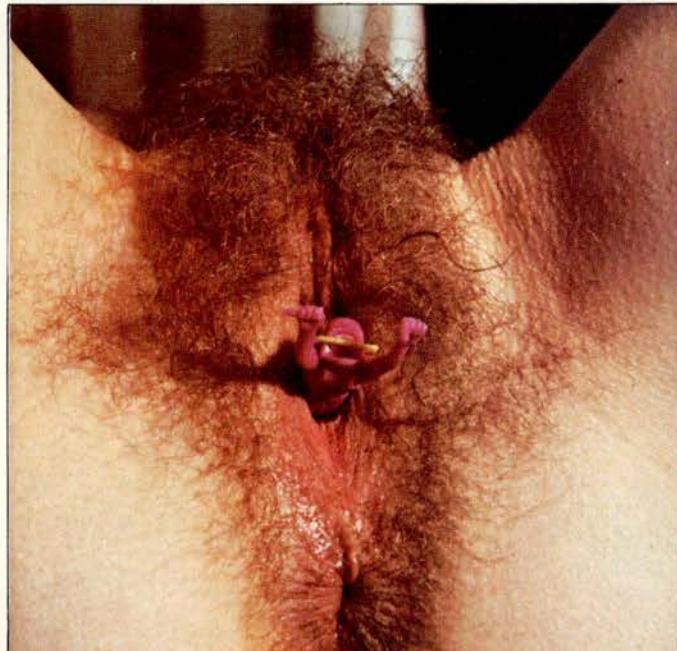


Photo by Alfred Gescheidt

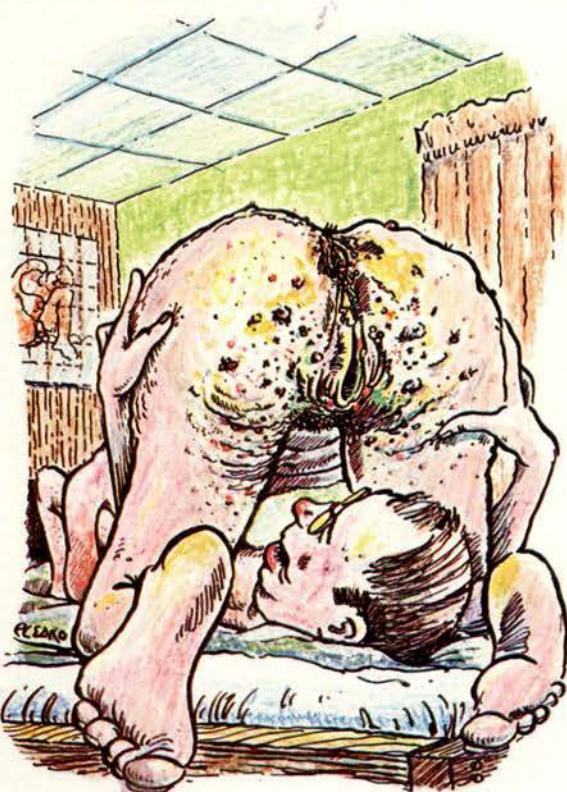
MUFF DIVER

This deep diver looks like he encountered the Loch Ness Monster (or at least a great white cotton shark) during his exploration of mysterious submerged caves. Fortunately, the frogman had gone well armed

on his expedition, harboring a canny fear that muff diving might be more dangerous than most people believe. But we think he has an even more disturbing experience in store when he encounters the submarine in the next cave down.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"That reminds me, are we still having anchovy pizza for supper?"



A FOWL STORY

It started innocently enough when Associate Editor Mike Sheeter stopped at the chicken farm for a live hen.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the unsuspecting farmer. "We're going to fuck it," Mike replied coyly.

Mike told the farmer that he wanted to fuck the fowl because he didn't think the farmer would believe the hen was a wedding gift—for Larry Flynt. Larry claims his first piece of tail was a chicken and we believe it, or why else would he have purchased this silver-plated statue (pictured above). He found it in Europe and bought it immediately to keep as a constant reminder of the day he became a cocksman.

Meanwhile ... back at the ranch, the farmer wouldn't act as pimp and told Mike to get his own. Mike entered the pen, started a hen stampede and cornered a fat hen. Then he tried to put the struggling bird into a wooden cage. Finally, the fowl was stuffed in the box and

loaded in the front seat of Mike's car. All that was left was a merry ride back to the office.

Traveling at 70 miles per hour, window open, radio on, Mike suddenly hit a bump. The chicken went into hysterics, the cage door popped open, and the hen attacked Mike's face. The car swerved when his hands left the wheel long enough to grasp the hen firmly by the neck. When the darling bird lost control of its sphincter, Mike thrust it out the window, gave it a couple of good swings and flung it behind him. In his rearview mirror, he spied the bird just getting its wings when it met head-on with the windshield of a following car. He lost the infuriated motorist, who thought Mike was throwing chickens at him, on a side road and appeared back at the chicken farm only 15 minutes after he'd left.

The wide-eyed farmer surveyed the empty cage and asked, "Did you do what you said?"

"Yeah," Mike rejoined, "and I liked it. I want another one."

There was a time when riding the back door was something fags did. But now, thanks to CB radio, that expression has taken on a completely different meaning. Likewise, "breaker-breaker" and "10-4" are now commonly used terms, just as "demilitarized zone" and "relevant" were in the '60s.

Since the 55-mph speed limit was adopted nationwide, citizen's band radios have made a profound impression on American life. It began when truckers started using their CBs to warn each other about "smokies" lurking by the roadside to ticket speeders. Motorists in "four-wheelers" started following trucks with CB whip antennas and adjusting their speed accordingly. Soon, however, more and more four-wheelers had their own CBs and were joining "convos" of vehicles, not as parasites but as participants. Now every other car on the road is equipped with a CB radio, and the trend is expected to continue until CBs are standard car equipment.

If anything at all can generate sales, it's a national mania. And publishers know it. Over the years, they've rushed to put out magazines dealing with hot rods, surfing, hang gliding and now, CB radios. At the beginning of 1975, only four CB periodicals existed. But over the past two years, 47 new CB mags have appeared, and the number is not expected to level off until it reaches nearly 60. The stands are becoming as crowded as the airwaves.

Quickie exploitation mags are not usually meant to endure beyond six issues. By then most fads are usually on the downswing anyway. But CB radios are here to stay; that's for sure. And although there is no doubt that there will always be an audience for CB-related information, it's obvious that the market cannot sustain so many magazines that are focused on the same hobby.

Some CB publications sell up to 250,000 copies of each issue. But many of the publishers of these magazines are

JUMPIN' ON THE CB BANDWAGON

underfinanced and, competition being what it is, there is a scramble for advertisers. Lack of operating capital is threatening to swamp some of the smaller magazines.

S9 and CB Magazine are two of the oldest CB publications; both began in the early '60s. In the fly-by-night world of fad magazines, such long-established publications have a definite edge on the rest of the field when it comes to luring subscribers who want to be reasonably sure that the magazine they give their money to will be around in six months.

The CB mags vary in content. *S9*, which bills itself as "America's oldest and largest CB magazine," devotes most of each issue to dry technical data and consumer reports. Dull reading for the layman. Magazines at the other end of the spectrum, like *Ten-54* and *The CB Times-Journal*, dwell upon such heart-tugging subjects as crippled children who find fulfillment through their CB radios (a theme reminiscent of the syrupy CB songs of Red "Teddy Bear" Sovine). A few well-balanced CB mags manage to blend electronic how-to articles and human interest stories into an educational and entertaining package. For instance, the *CB Digest* supplements every issue with CB fiction, several product reports and profiles of country music personalities.

Two features are standard among almost all CB mags: a glossary of CB slang terms and a column written by or for the truckers. The slang terminology sometimes varies from one magazine to another: A restaurant may be defined as an "eat 'em up" in one of the magazines and a "choke and puke" in another (but in either case, the meaning is clear). The truckers' columns cannot match the inside view given by *Overdrive*, a magazine published specifically for truckers, but they do serve to give the

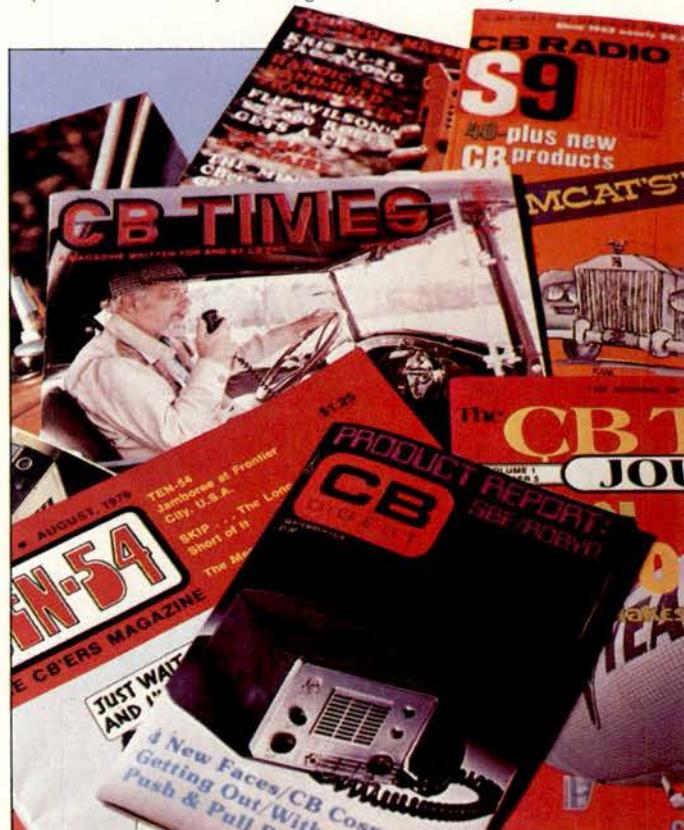
outsider a window on the world of the "18-wheelers." And that seems to be a large part of the appeal of CB radios; with the push of a button, a CB can turn a Plymouth into a Peterbilt.

One favorite pastime of the truckers is eyeing beaver shots flashed by pretty "seat covers" in the adjacent cars. And although most four-wheelers don't afford the view that an 18-wheeler does, the horny CBer can usually find some cheesecake in his favorite CB mag. *The CB Times-Journal* features a "Lady-Breaker-of-the-Month," a fully clothed CB sweetheart who is shown in several suggestive poses with a microphone in her hand (as if soliciting cock from a passing Kenworth). *CB Guide* runs a photo of "Miss CB Guide" in every issue, a feature that is somewhat less erotic than the magazine's "Product Report" column. Other magazines regularly pose big-titted babes beside vehicles equipped like coast guard radar stations. The exploitation of sex by CB mags

even carries over into their cover blurbs, some of which carry sexual connotations, like: "The Long Silver Sausage" and "How to Mount Your CB." Sex seems to be a popular part of the formula for determining what CB mag will ride in the number-one slot.

Perhaps the only truly unique CB publication is *Eyeball*, a quarterly magazine that is nothing more than a collection of photos of many CBers and their respective "handles" (nicknames used while on the air). Now should you encounter "Tennessee Walker" or "Horny Hound Dog" somewhere on the road, you can thumb through the magazine and see the person you're talking to. (*Eyeball* is available at most newsstands for \$2. To be listed, send \$2, your photo and handle to: *Eyeball Magazine*, 9 E. 16th St., New York, NY 10003.)

Even though CB radios will remain a permanent fixture in American life, the CB craze is bound to subside to a degree. When that happens, it's fairly certain that many of these CB publications will go the way of the Hula-Hoop.



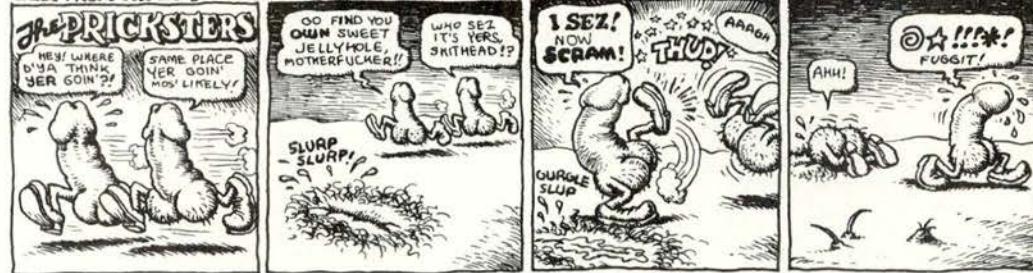
WAYS THE COMICS CRUMBLE

Hard-core R. Crumb admirers will be glad to know that a Crumb anthology, "R. Crumb's Carload o' Comics," is currently available from Belier Press at \$6.50 per copy in a limited edition.

A certifiable counterculture saint of the '60s, Crumb is spilling his guts for a few greasy coins these days just like the rest of us. Rumor has it that his main character, Mr. Natural, is in contention with Nancy and Sluggo for a lucrative government gig doing anti-dope commercials with Sonny and Cher. Anyway, you can buy the book and remember when we were all above such crass commercialism.

"Carload o' Comics," a 160-page soft-cover volume, contains some of Crumb's earliest and best work, as well as a 14-page previously unpublished Mr. Snoid comic. Copies may be ordered from Belier Press, P. O. Box C, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

TALES FROM THE LAND OF GENITALIA

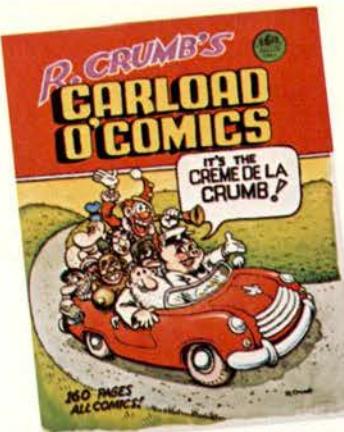


TATTOO TABOO

In New York City, you can write on walls and subway trains, but not on bodies. Since 1966, tattooing has been illegal in Fun City, which is ironic, since you can apparently get away with stabbing people in New York as long as you don't use a tattoo needle.

Here is tattoo artist Spider Webb illegally illustrating a woman's shoulder on the steps of New York's Museum of Modern Art. When he finished with her, Spider offered to tattoo anyone present, but before a line of sailors could form, a cop stepped in and issued Spider a summons.

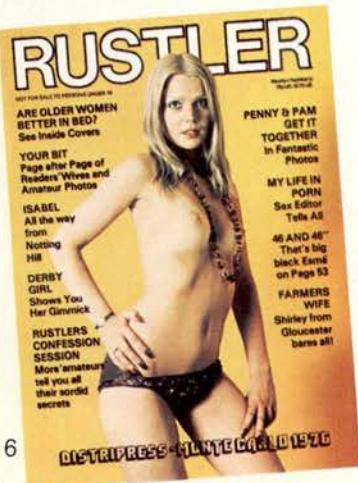
Spider, who lives in New



York City—yet can walk across the city line to his legal tattoo parlor in Mt. Vernon—was righteously pissed off about this infringement on his freedom of expression and he suggested that New York City Mayor Abe Beame have the First Amendment tattooed on his forehead.

Spider said he's ready to

make the legalization of the tattoo art a national cause, and to support that effort a Spider Webb Defense Fund has been established in care of Rubin, Hanley and Amsterdam, 299 Broadway, Room 605, New York, New York 10007. "It's a question of free expression," Webb said. "HUSTLER readers should understand that."



RUSTLER: COW CATALOG

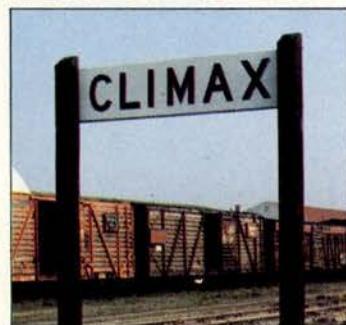
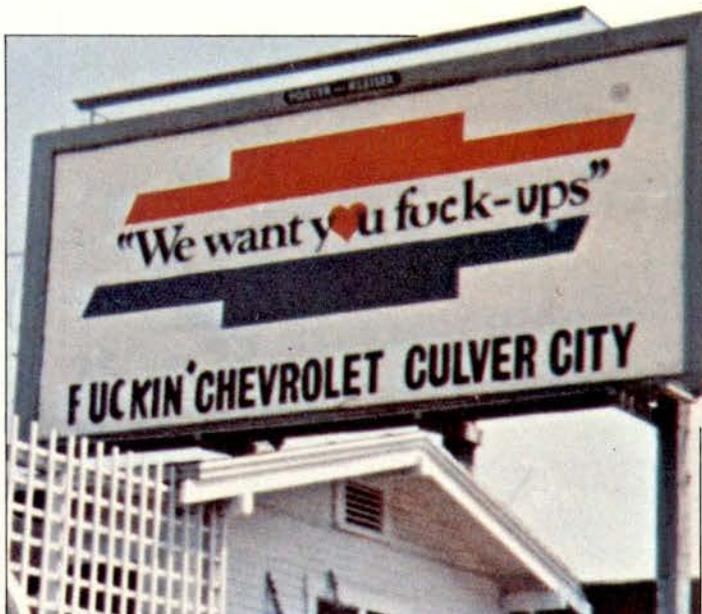
The English do cars, tailoring and spy novels better than anyone else. But an English men's magazine is an embarrassment, bit like a fat lady doing the bump.

Rustler, the latest rip-off of HUSTLER, is typically weak-kneed English raunch. And the people responsible for this rag

tried to call it HUSTLER, but we took them to court to deny paternity. A bastard child was the last thing we wanted. Published by Gold Star Publications, Gadoline House, Whyteleafe, Surrey, *Rustler* is a reading experience something like trying to muff-dive with a stiff upper lip.

The color looks as if it were retouched with a paint roller—and so do the girls. For example, Big Roberta from South-

ampton, *Rustler*'s main lady. She's a huge dyke with six pairs of tits and a wet, black nose. Another spiffy number, an Oriental, emerges on the page in four shades of khaki. The cunt lips on this chick are the color of a three-day-old catfish belly, and she has the face of a predatory lizard. All in all, *Rustler* reads like a British government plot designed to put people off fucking and eroticism forever.



Graffiti has come a long way from just painting mustaches on the faces of political candidates. Our alert readers are constantly filling us in on the creative, painstaking work of the nation's sign vandals. An artist in Venice Beach, California, made "Jock Itch?" read "Cock Itch?" and added a question about crabs to bug the makers of Cruex. And a Culver City, California, automobile dealership found its name changed to "Fuckin' Chevrolet"—where fuck-ups are truly appreciated.

The invention of plastic signs with changeable letters has also been a boon to those with clever, demented minds. We aren't sure many restaurant-

goers would enjoy shit rib, but beating inflation by eating cunt sounds great—especially if the Colonel's own secret recipe is involved.

The best way for sign owners to avoid this kind of prank is to have a sign that even the most perverted would not have to touch. Instead, he'll think about the clientele of the Two Stiffs Motel in Lovelock, Nevada, listen for moans as he passes through Climax, Colorado, or plan an immediate move to Loving Junction.

Some sign owners have a more serious way of dealing with word weirdos. Who would dare trespass knowing that there is a possibility of being eaten?



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SCOURGE OF IMPURITY

Our publisher, Larry Flynt, a good American like yourself, recently struck a blow for decency in literature. While killing some time on a visit to Cleveland, Ohio, Flynt grew a bit tired of repelling the sales pitches of the dozens of street-walkers who haunt that city and ducked into a bookstore for a moment of peace. He had it in mind to pick up a few religious tracts, catch the evening sing-along at the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and then to bed.

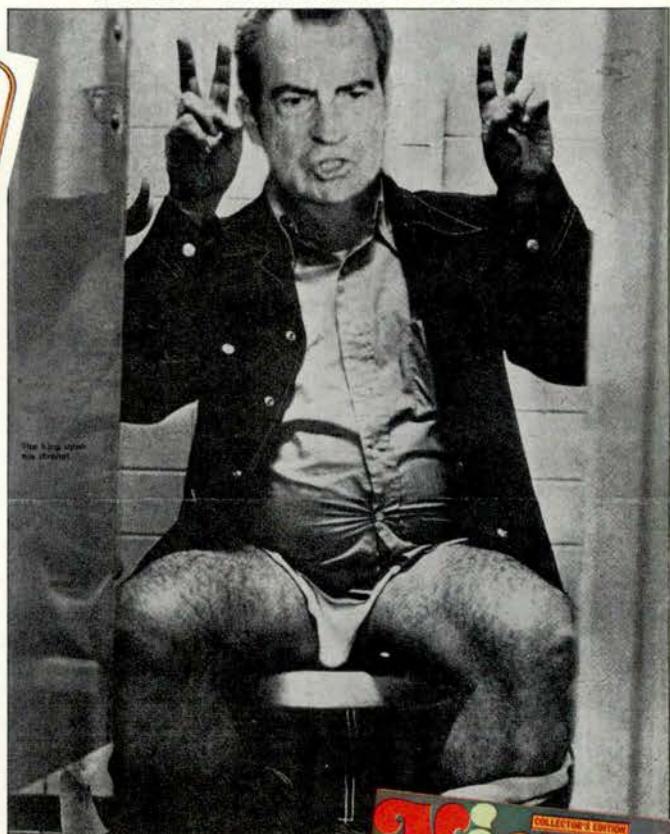
Imagine his horror at finding literally bales of pornography for sale! Blow jobs, butt fucking and explicit close-ups of every sexual position known to man, like these scornful examples that we have tastefully covered with our logo.

Pale and shaking with righteous indignation, Flynt fashioned a cat-o'-nine-tails from his shoelaces and scourged the counterman through the

streets of the city. For this reason, HUSTLER is considering a policy of refusing to allow our magazine to be sold in Cleveland until the city fathers clean up this horrid problem. We have grave doubts as to whether Cleveland can meet our high standards of morality and decorum.

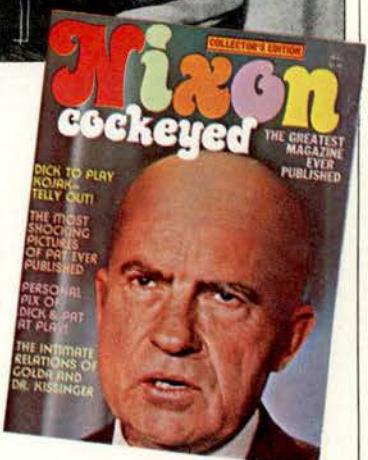


SHIT-CANNING NIXON



Why won't we leave this poor man alone? Because he shit on the American public for six years, that's why. We think he's just sitting out his temporary exile, waiting until the stink from the Watergate scandal blows over so he can bob to the surface once more. Then, if he succeeds in using his familiar V sign to jack off the voters, we citizens will be the ones in the crapper—again.

In the meantime, HUSTLER will continue to make him the butt of shitty jokes—as has *Nixon Cockeyed* (\$1, National Mirror Inc., 257 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010), the composite-photo funny-



book from which this center-fold was carefully removed. HUSTLER came along too late to make the first "enemies list," but we won't miss the next one, by God.

If you have any interesting or unusual bits and pieces of information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HUSTLER sends thanks and \$50 to our January *Bits & Pieces* contributors: Joanne Battista, Paul Daneault, Robert W. Pelton, Process Associates, P. R. Stevens, John R. Stinson, Albert D. Rowe and Yossarian. ☺

Sex Bits

VOL. 3 NO. 7

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

JANUARY 1977

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, unusual gadgets and research and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler a well-rounded knowledge of what's really going on in the world and why it's happening.

Pincher Pinched, Freed

WIMBLEDON (HNS)—An unnamed Egyptian embassy official who was arrested for pinching the bottoms of several young women during a lawn tennis match was quickly released when he loudly claimed diplomatic immunity.

"We had to let him go," the police said, adding that his diplomatic status apparently gave him a license to molest women at will.

Contacted about the incident, Egyptian Ambassador Mohamed Samih Anwar said he thought "bottom pinching was disrespectful to women," but did not indicate that the official would be punished in any way.

Bluenoses Nix Sex Helpers

LOS ANGELES (HNS)—

Almost 90 percent of the psychologists responding to a recent survey said that if they were not afraid of being prosecuted, they would use sex surrogates to treat patients who are suffering from sexual dysfunctions, reports Dr. Neil Malamuth, a UCLA psychologist.

First officially practiced by Drs. Masters and Johnson in the '50s and early '60s, the use of partners to help people overcome sexual problems is increasing in popularity for a very simple

reason—it actually works.

"Surrogates have had 85 to 95 percent success in treating impotence and 100 percent success with premature ejaculation," says Dr. Donald Cowar, another Los Angeles psychologist. The success rate of other methods of treating these two complaints is said to be 30 to 50 percent.

There are presently three sex surrogate training centers in California, one in San Bernardino and two in Los Angeles. The centers are using the "sensate focus"

technique, developed by Masters and Johnson, which aims at sensitizing the whole body to pleasure rather than just the genital area.

Most sex surrogates are women because at this time few women seek professional therapy from male surrogates. Barbara Roberts, a social worker who has worked as a sex surrogate and is the founder of the three-year-old International Professional Surrogate Association, says that most of the women in the field are in their late 30s and early 40s, and frequently they are women who once suffered from sexual problems themselves, overcame them, and are now sincerely interested in passing on what they learned to others.

Those Who Can't, Teach

STAMFORD, CT (HNS)—

Richard Dennis is on a year's maternity leave from his job as a high school psychology teacher because his wife, Naomi, had a baby.

Dennis was one of the first men to take advantage of a Stamford school board rule that "any teacher, upon the birth or adoption of a child, is entitled to take up to two years' leave."

"I'm losing a year's salary, but I am gaining a lot of things that can't be measured in dollars and cents," Dennis said.

A Child Shall Lead Them

RICHMOND (HNS)—A federal appeals court has upheld a West Virginia law under which a man convicted of having carnal knowledge of a 13-year-old girl was sentenced to 10 to 20 years in prison, even though under the same law a woman convicted of having carnal knowledge of a 13-year-old boy can be charged only with a misdemeanor and punished by only two to six months in prison.

The ruling involved the case of Arthur A. Hall, who had appealed his conviction, contending that it was discriminatory and therefore unconstitutional.

The appeals court agreed that the law "may be grossly infected with constitutional infirmity," but added that the court's job was to interpret the law, not make it.

Everybody Out of the Closet

NEW YORK (HNS)—The national news media would apparently like to keep it a secret, but 17 of the 50 American states have repealed their sodomy statutes in the last few years, and the number is expected to continue growing, according to the professional newsletter *Behavior Today*.

Recently, Iowa and West

Virginia removed all restrictions on consensual sex acts that are performed in private. Fifteen other states have already decriminalized sexual behavior between consenting adults in private. These states are: Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Hawaii, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon,

South Dakota, Washington. Bills to repeal sodomy laws have also been introduced in most other states, the newsletter stated.

The news media gave big play to a recent Supreme Court decision upholding Virginia's sodomy statute but has generally kept quiet about the opposite trend, *Behavior Today* noted.

by Sam Conley

How do you approach a hooker? The answer is simple: Use your common sense and treat her just as you would treat any girl you would bring home to meet your mother—or your lesbian sister for that matter—with respect and in a natural manner.

At one time or another, all men with a heterosexual corpuscle or two have considered shagging down a prostitute. But let's face it, everyone has instincts, so many of you have rejected the idea before the mind could send the legs out into the night, or else have faltered at the last minute—probably out of fear of being ripped off or being dosed with the "yellow peril"—or simply because we all have a tendency to shy away from the unknown. It is also true that some hookers specialize in ripping off their clientele, and some of them are literally walking Wassermann test failures. Nevertheless, the majority of prostitutes are just working girls, out to scratch up a buck like everyone else. Instead of dealing in real estate or macrame, they sell pussy.

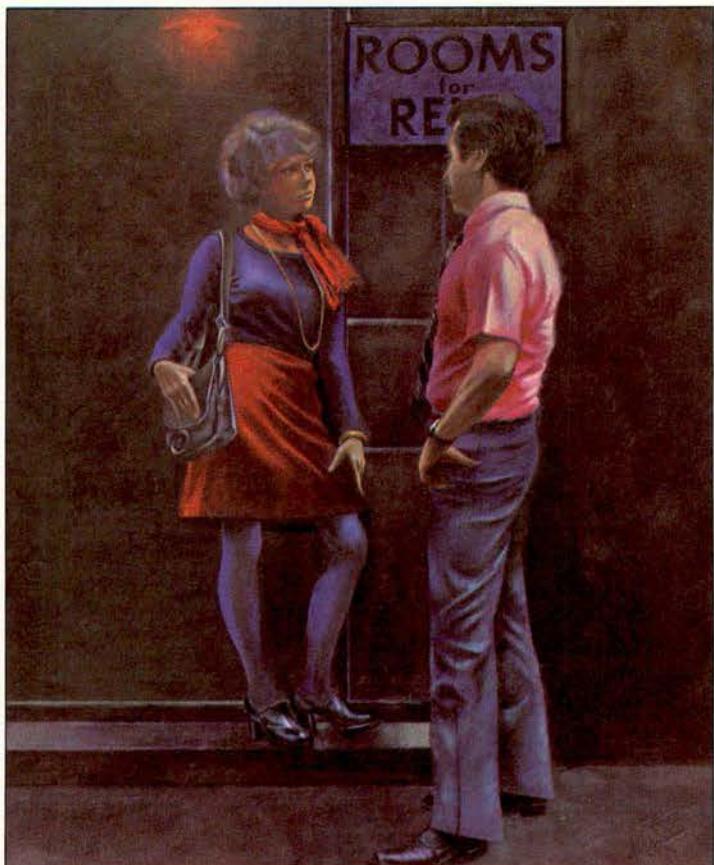
Hopefully, this article will serve to eliminate the unknown elements and prepare you for the pay-for-play experience.

And among the women who play for pay, the streetwalker is the most adventurous. She outstrips the pampered call girl or bordello resident with her generally fearless approach to pussy peddling. They are also easy to find, and that's to your advantage. But if you can't locate them yourself, flag down a cab driver. If the city has streetwalkers, he will know where they are. Streetwalkers are also there when you want them—say, 4:30 A.M. during a blizzard. Although most of the hookers start in the evening and work all night, there is generally a day shift as well. Moreover, they're cheap—the bargain basement of commercial sex.

A streetwalker is the independent type. She is also the most likely to rip you off, or to be sporting a diseased moneymaker. Be alert when cruising for streetwalkers. How does the neighborhood look? Is it a nice place to raise kids? Even delinquent kids?



This especially prepared HUSTLER series is designed to help you give your lover the rare excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you had thought possible. These pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long a time. So, HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures.



HOW TO APPROACH A HOOKER

Do the neighborhood hotels look as if they're paying off the board of health? More importantly, what does she look like? You know a good face when you see one, right? And you know a larcenous face as well, a face bent on evil. Of course you do. Just be wary of overly aggressive hookers who come on with a sugar-coated salesman's routine. Remember, there are far more hookers done in by their johns than the

reverse, so they have more reason to fear you. Any sensible streetwalker will act on the assumption that you are the law, or maybe the new axe murderer of Dusseldorf, until her instincts and reason tell her otherwise. Consequently, caution is natural in a street girl.

Be cautious yourself when cruising for a hooker; you still have the threat of VD to consider. Unfortunately, there are no guarantees that you can avoid a dose of the clap with a streetwalker. In your favor is the hooker's good business sense. A hooker's cunt is her livelihood, and she is not going to stay in business for long if she is the source of a clap epidemic. If the threat of VD has you concerned, you might want to confine your carousing to the massage parlors or bordellos where the girls tend to be kept under strict medical scrutiny.

So much for the preliminary concerns in your pursuit of a hooker. Once you've found what you believe is a lady of the evening, how do you approach her? And assuming that she doesn't approach you first with one of the trade's euphemistic gambits: "Wanna go out?" "Wanna date?" "Looking for a girl?" you can pretty much determine if she is a working girl by her dress and manner. If she is standing in a doorway wearing white patent leather go-go boots and a skirt that barely covers her snapper, you can bet she doesn't represent the Salvation Army. Engage her in conversation, keeping in mind that time is money to a streetwalker and she's heard it all before. Don't waste time with any unnecessary bullshit. And frequently, streetwalkers will ask you the questions that will concern your sexual preferences and price. It is a good idea to answer these questions since that's usually her way to determine whether or not you're a vice squad cop.

(However, it should also be mentioned that in some cities the vice squad is so desperate for work, they'll have female cops pose as hookers. It seems like entrapment, but it's legal. Washington, D.C., is a city that uses such ploys and just ask U.S. Rep. Allan T. Howe about his "experience"

in Salt Lake City. So, if you should encounter a lady dressed in hooker drag but with an American flag pin and a name badge over her left tit, steer clear of her.)

Prices vary from place to place and often from night to night (Friday and Saturday being the traditionally busy nights), and depend on what sex act you want. Chances are, the girl will ask you what you require; you should state specifically what you want. You can usually score some head for \$10-\$15, and most hookers will cop your knob in a car. A fuck jacks the price into the \$20-\$25 range plus anywhere from \$5-\$10 for a room. If you want a nostalgic little flashback to the groping days in dad's Oldsmobile, you'd best be ready to settle for a blow job because most hookers will not ball you in a car. If you should settle for a front-seat knob copping, be alert. While going down on you, if she asks you to lower your pants all the way, don't assume that she's the highly passionate type but rather that she wants to root around for your wallet or your wad. It's a good idea to keep temptation out of the reach of streetwalkers. After all, they're out there to make money, and they definitely do not believe in giving a sucker any breaks.

To this end, it's also a good idea to take along only the amount of money necessary to obtain what you want from a streetwalker. If you should decide to scare up a hooker when you're in an advanced alcoholic state and your vigilance isn't what it should be, it's wise to lock your wallet or extra money in the glove compartment of your car, or stash it in some other safe place lest you wake up the next day with your hard-on taken care of and your cash missing. Never flash a roll in front of a streetwalker, or otherwise try to impress her with your wealth. You'll be worth considerably less than you bargained for when she gets through with you. At the very least she'll jack up her prices—pronto. If you seem rich enough, and she is larcenous enough, she may concentrate her efforts on ripping you off rather than getting you off. And don't think you're safe because she's just a little thing. Bandit-pimps come in all shapes and sizes, and she may work with one.

Streetwalkers definitely offer an opportunity to indulge your sense of adventure. They are not all wild furies or untamed Amazons, but they are independent in the sense that any streetwalker—unlike a bordello or massage parlor girl—gets to choose whom she goes with. Don't think for a minute that it's the other way around. If for some reason her educated instincts smell trouble, she'll drop you faster than she drops her drawers in the room.

If you're not feeling all that adventurous, perhaps a more domesticated form of commercial cooze is up your alley; for instance, a massage parlor girl. In these

Call girls are frequently intelligent and talented in the art of milking a nut.

places, the chances of being ripped off or dosed with the clap aren't as great as when dealing with a streetwalker. Moreover, there's a good chance you'll find a better woman—both physically and spiritually—at a parlor. It's not unusual to find students, housewives, teachers, secretaries—you name it—plying the trade at the local rub-dub ranch in order to augment their incomes. And the atmosphere in most massage parlors is considerably more attractive than in some seedy hotel room.

Parlors can be located through ads in sex tabloids, the Yellow Pages, entertainment guides that are found in most hotels or motels, and, in some cities, in the sports section of the local paper. A session with a parlor girl will cost more than a tumble with a streetwalker. You can expect to pay anywhere from \$20-\$100 in a massage parlor, depending on the place, the girl and what you want. Usually you will receive more for your money. Parlor sessions are sold in units of time: a half-hour session generally being the minimum. And few streetwalkers will spend a half-hour or more on a single trick, and streetwalkers do not give massages.

A cut above the massage parlor is the "apartment whorehouse." (The bordello, replete with many girls, a madam and red velvet decor, is becoming a vestige of America's past, with the exception of certain large cities, like New York, and in the state of Nevada, where prostitution is legal.) These can be found in most cities, though you'll need an introduction from a regular customer to get in. Apartment whorehouses rarely advertise, relying on word of mouth and the steady trade of neighborhood working people. They are small operations usually employing two or three girls and a retired hooker who serves as a "hostess" and manager. You can frequently get turned over in these places for \$10-\$20. The deal frequently includes a few drinks in an atmosphere that is somewhat less impersonal than an assembly-line whorehouse. They survive because they are discreetly tucked away in apartment buildings. Cab drivers and bartenders are sources for locating these places.

The call girl is the top of the line—the courtesan class. Call girls are frequently

sophisticated, intelligent and talented in the art of milking a nut. And well they should be, since they are also the most expensive. Call girls tend to be quite fastidious in acquiring new business. Many of them lead double lives that include "respectable" jobs that they don't wish to jeopardize. Consequently, you will probably need a referral from one of her present customers before she will agree to see you. In some cities, such as New York and Los Angeles, some quality call girls will advertise through discreetly worded ads in tabloids, but generally speaking you will need a phone number. You can expect to pay at least \$100 for one of these ladies, but you may find it money well spent if you like a veneer of refinement and the illusion of a "date" rather than a trick.

If it's a "date" you're after, consider the dating or escort services. However, this does not mean a fast trick. Escort-service women tend to be nonprofessional chicks who like to be wined and dined as well as to be paid for sex. If you simply want an evening's companionship, you might check this out. Escort services are frequently listed in phone directories, travel guides in hotels and occasionally in sex tabloids or underground papers.

In many places, the horny traveler need not go outside his hotel for some comfort. Bellboys often double as procurers who know exactly what's happening; it's entirely possible that they can have a hooker sent to your suite. If that doesn't work, check out the hotel bar. High-priced, high-quality hookers haunt better hotel bars. If you see an attractive lady sitting alone and doing a careful 180-degree cruise of the bar with her eyes, there's a good chance that she's for rent. If unsure, check with the bartender; he'll not only be able to confirm or deny your suspicions, but chances are, he'll also arrange a subtle introduction. (In fact, bartenders, along with bellboys and cab drivers, are the best sources for locating commercial quim.) Just don't forget to increase his gratuity when you leave, or the next night you might find yourself the recipient of a poisoned singapore sling.

If your interest lies with the more bizarre and exotic sex acts, you'd best be prepared to search and pay high prices. Anything in the domain of bondage, water sports or elaborate voyeur scenes is generally out of bounds with the majority of hookers who "don't wanna' know from nothin' if it ain't straight suckin' and fuckin'." Of course, you could probably find a streetwalker who would agree to a *human sacrifice* if you delivered enough money to her pimp, but any exotic service rendered by a common streetwalker will be a slipshod job at best. In the case of that perennial peek-scene

(continued on page 103)

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula.

However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE

ERECION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up, but it can still be beat.

HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Movies

by Frank Fortunato

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLEA

The Mitchell Brothers believe in what they do—unlike many of their film colleagues. Since 1969, they have been arrested over 50 times, and they have defended their films through seven obscenity trials, numerous appeals and related litigations—all of which, they claim, have cost them in excess of \$250,000. And their

X RATED REVIEWS

crusading attitude is further reflected by their San Francisco showcase, *The O'Farrell*, perhaps the most imaginatively designed and attractive adult theater in the country.

Of course, they have made money along the way. *Behind the Green Door*, the film that took Marilyn Chambers from soapbox to stardom, has been one of the most financially successful efforts in the history of erotic films. Nevertheless, the Mitchells pour money back into their work—and for that matter, back into the community, as evidenced by the benefit premiere of *Autobiography of a Flea*, a counterculture event that could only have happened in San Francisco. (The proceeds went to the California Prisoners' Union, a local non-profit organization that aids ex-convicts.) They certainly are not the only righteous erotic

filmmakers, but in a field with more than its share of fast-buck artists and guilt-ridden hacks, the Mitchells stand out like an erection in a dyke bar.

Autobiography of a Flea is the Mitchell Brothers's best film to date and proves that they are still growing as filmmakers. The story, based on a 19th century underground classic of the same name, is a tale narrated by a flea attached to the thigh of the heroine, Belle, and chronicles her conversion from neophyte to nymph. Belle is played by the innocent-looking Jean Jennings, who is taught the ways of the flesh by John Holmes, John Leslie, Paul Thomas, Annette Haven and an impressive actor named Dale Meador, who is cast as Belle's lecherous uncle.

The one flaw in this otherwise entertaining package is the overabundance of sex

scenes. The film seems to meld together into a series of redundant couplings that tends to lose impact during the last reel. But *Flea*'s lack of erotic buildup is offset somewhat by its effective use of sight gags.

The narration is taken directly from the prose of the novel, which is hardly great art but is nonetheless literate and witty. Both the costumes and sets are excellent in creating the atmosphere of 1810, the year in which the story takes place. Soft-focus photography adds to the feeling of a visual time warp. The story is heavily anticlerical and filled with incest as is typical of erotica from this epoch. Belle seems to be constantly confronted with a horny monk or a relative brandishing a rigid fuck stick. Much of the sex takes place while the participants are partially clothed in corsets, robes or disheveled petticoats—an effect that at times reminds one of an old lithograph.

Autobiography of a Flea definitely represents a step forward in the evolution of erotic movies as legitimate entertainment, and, as such, it is well worth viewing.



Paul Thomas as Father Ambrose baptizes Belle (Jean Jennings) with the fluid of everlasting life in *Flea*.



Double your fun: two orgasms for the price of one in *Teenage Twins*.

TEENAGE TWINS



Carter Stevens, the director who introduced the world to the pleasures of balling on roller skates in *Rollerbabies*, fails to cash in on the fantastic erotic potential of the Young Sisters in his latest film, *Teenage Twins*.

Brooke and Taylor Young (December 1976 film reviews, *Sweet Cakes*) are a pair of identical twin sisters with wholesome faces straight out of a Norman Rockwell painting and bodies straight out of a wet dream. But the natural climax of an erotic sister act—a tryst between the two sisters—takes place during the first rather than the last ten minutes of the film. This get-together was the highlight of *Teenage Twins*, and it was downhill from there.

Nevertheless, the movie manages to be a turn-on in spite of itself. The plot revolves around telepathy: When one twin experiences an orgasm, the other feels it, too. Oddly, the twins find this a problem since one is a libertine and the other is sexually conservative (though you'd never know it to watch her). In an effort to alleviate their problem, the twins delve into a medieval sorcery book, which they obtain by blackmailing their college-professor stepfather and his colleagues. The finale of this nonsensical plot is a magic ritual that develops into

an orgy and somehow dooms the twins to an eternity of fucking. Tough break.

Teenage Twins is a low-budget movie that manages to achieve even this mediocre rating only because of its gimmick: the twins. The story, while pedestrian, is incidental to the near-constant sexual activity that is still entertaining—thanks to the foxy Young Sisters.

LET MY PUPPETS COME

Gerard Damiano has come up with the most unique X-rated film of the year by branching out from flesh and blood to wood and glue. But I doubt that *Let My Puppets Come*, the first film attempt at puppet smut, will revolutionize the genre.

Damiano has accumulated many solid credits, including



Knotty knobber from *Puppets*, Gerard Damiano's latest movie for saps.

Deep Throat, the film that created "porno chic" and became one of the first X-rated movies to attract couples. (The impact of *Deep Throat* still reverberates today in Memphis, where an ambitious federal prosecutor is reaming the film's male lead, Harry Reems, who stands to serve five years in jail for a role that netted him \$100.) Damiano's *The Devil in Miss Jones* and *Memories within Miss Aggie* are considered two of the best hard-core films to date, and *The Story of Joanna*, a huge box office success, outclassed *The Story of O*, a big budget S&M flick.

Among other things, these films had eroticism, a commodity that is missing in *Let My Puppets Come*. But then the film is not intended to be a turn-on but rather a parody of porn. A crew of hustling puppets tries to establish big-league bocce ball as the coming sport, but their only team, The Greensboro Paisanos, sends them a telegram: "Fuck y-all, we quit." So, in order to scrape together some fast bucks, this wooden-headed brain trust decides to turn to porn flicks. What follows is a sometimes cute, more often tedious, string of marionette fuck scenes as we watch the porn moguls wend their way to hard-core heaven. Occasionally, a human being is spliced into the action. In one scene, it's a glamorous blonde spraying a spray between her legs in a takeoff on feminine hygiene ads; in another scene there's

Al Goldstein as the smiling recipient of some puppet head—probably the last orifice left for Al to penetrate. In any case, the puppet stole the scene.

Very few people will find puppet prurience a turn-on. And although watching marionettes get it on is amusing, it's not amusing enough to sustain a 76-minute feature.

THE AFFAIRS OF JANICE



In astronomy, black holes are believed to be burned-out, collapsed stars with a gravitational pull so incredibly intense that they trap even their own light and suck in surrounding matter for great distances in every direction. For some time now, porn films have had their own black hole in the form of C.J. Laing's mouth, and it is C.J.'s uncanny cavity that provides what little there is of interest in *The Affairs of Janice*, an otherwise dismal story of sex in the suburbs.

Judging from the tone of the dialog, I would say that the producers were striving for a drama in the spirit of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* What they've actually attained is a melodrama of sub-TV quality. To the nearly constant background accompaniment of a tinkling piano, we follow the protagonists as they wind their way through romantic entanglements and cocktail gatherings, where we are supposed to be dazzled by the sophisticated banter of the wealthy and disenchanted. But when the film's dialog contains such deathless lines as "The degenerates shall inherit immortality," we, too, become disenchanted.

The film improves somewhat when it confines itself to the visual: that is, when mouths filled with genitals eliminate the lame dialog. Several of the outdoor sex scenes have a pastoral quality, and a love-making scene between C.J. and another woman, shot as a

Books

Edited by Michael Toohey

YOUR CHILD'S RIGHT TO SEX

By Hal M. Wells, Ph.D.
Stein and Day \$7.95
7 East 48th Street
New York, New York 10017

Was your sexual initiation a horrible experience? Beginning in early childhood, were you taught to suppress your natural physical urges in favor of some high ideal that dictated "cleanliness" of thought, word and deed? Did your mother swat your hands whenever they wandered down to the southern hemisphere of your body? Were you sent to bed without supper for exploring the neighbor girl's private parts

one rainy day when there was nothing better to do? Did horror stories of terminal VD, or fear of the stigma of lost virginity keep you from enjoying sex until you were in your 20s and knew fact from fiction? Do you look back and say, "I'm going to raise my kids differently," but you're not quite sure how to go about it?

The answer is finally here in the form of a primer for progressive parents, *Your Child's Right to Sex*, by Hal M. Wells, Ph.D., which tells how to instill in a child a healthy sexual attitude that will hopefully carry through into adulthood.

Negative sexual programming of children—old-fashioned taboos against nudity, touching and exploring one's own body (and the bodies of others), masturbation and intercourse—has turned many adults into sexual cripples. The high rate of sex-related crimes bears witness to this fact.

Working from the premise that children are essentially sexual beings, Dr. Wells plots a step-by-step approach designed to lessen inhibitions and at the same time create in young people a responsible attitude toward sexuality. In regard to sex, he says, children should be programmed positively, beginning in infancy.

Until recently, many experts have recommended putting off a child's sex education until he reaches an age when he can comprehend the physiology and psychology of sex. By then it is often too late to undo the damage done by ignoring the child's innate animal drives. According to Dr. Wells, even babies enjoy sex: "Baby boys have erections. Girl babies sometimes lubricate and may have a slight tumescence of the clitoris." Furthermore, he says, some babies experience orgasm while nursing, a fact

that many mothers notice but refuse to admit even to themselves. Likewise, a child's playing "doctor" with children of his own age is a wholesome, educational activity, as is mild sex play among early teens of opposite sexes. Parents who choose to discourage such a spontaneous sexuality do more harm than good by their negative reactions. So sex then takes on a forbidden aura and becomes "dirty."

The age at which a young person becomes ready for intercourse varies with the individual. And when he has an adequate understanding of sexual functions, responsibility and most importantly, love, he is, in Dr. Wells's opinion, ready.

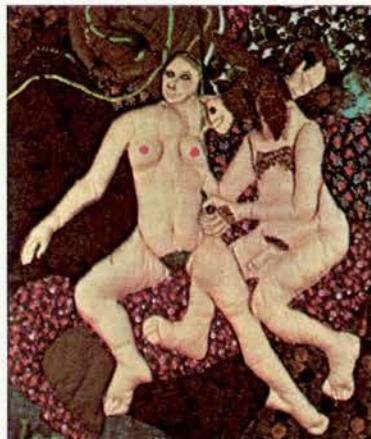
Dr. Wells's commonsense approach to the sexual problems of childhood is bound to make growing up easier for those generations of children whose parents read this book.

HARDCORE CRAFTS

Edited by Nancy Bruning
Levine
Ballantine Books, Inc. \$17.95
Hahn Road
Westminster, Maryland 21157

Hardcore Crafts is a deceptive title for Nancy Bruning Levine's collection of photographs of erotic handicrafts. To the publishing world, "hardcore" pictures are those showing penetration of cunt, ass, mouth or any other accommodating orifice by cock, finger, dildo, tongue, enema nozzle, etc. Ideally, they should evoke from the viewer a hard-on, a soggy snatch, or in the case of a bluenose, a cry of outrage. But the criteria vary according to regional sensibilities; there are still people to whom Michelangelo's *David* is hardcore smut. For these people, the book is aptly titled. For me...well, I may not know art, but I know what gets me off.

To call an artwork erotic is not necessarily to say that it is a turn-on. Most of the crafts



"Midsummer Night's Dream" quilt and "Dollhouse" statuettes: stylized erotic artwork from Hardcore Crafts.

showcased in Ms. Levine's book exemplify this fact; for example: "Very Busy Bunnies," a quilt with humping hares on it; or the ceramic sculpture "Frog Seducing a Rutabaga in an Overstuffed Armchair," which is tame in its outward appearance and perverted only in concept.

The artists whose works are included in this coffee table anthology do not deal exclusively in erotica, and their art, for the most part, tends to be stylized rather than explicit. A patterned quilt entitled "Mid-

summer Night's Dream" and the geriatric figurines from "Dollhouse" are among the most suggestive crafts in the book, and as erotica even these leave much to be desired. In the case of *Hardcore Crafts*, sex is in the mind of the beholder.

Many of the works depicted in the book are useful as well as decorative. Ass purses, cunt pillows, dirty dominoes, genital jewelry and tit mason jars are several of the everyday items that have taken on sexual identities thanks to the artists'

imaginings. It's sad to think that such functional art is rarely displayed where it should be—in the living rooms, bedrooms and kitchens of America—and instead is hidden like French postcards beneath the counters of snooty art galleries, or confined to special collections like that of the now-defunct Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco.

Hardcore Crafts, soft as it may be, nevertheless serves a purpose in bringing erotic art out of the closet and placing it on the coffee table.



Photographed by James Dues

Constance

from stem to stern





You can have me,"
Constance beckons.
"If you can handle it."
And it's the challenge
that draws men to
her, to try to snatch
the control of the
situation from her
grasp, to put
themselves on top. In
her 28 years, Con-
stance hasn't had it
easy, and it's tough to
put one over on this
Houston divorcee.
"It's got to be the real
thing—blunt and
honest—or I'm not
interested. I've been
hurt too many
times."







Yet like many
brassy bitches, Con-
stance yearns for a
man who will be her
master, who'll tear
away her tough front,
rip down her hose
and throw her back
on the couch to
ravage the depths of
her quivering body.
But until the man
comes along with
enough balls to fill
her soft center, Con-
stance is holding the
position open.





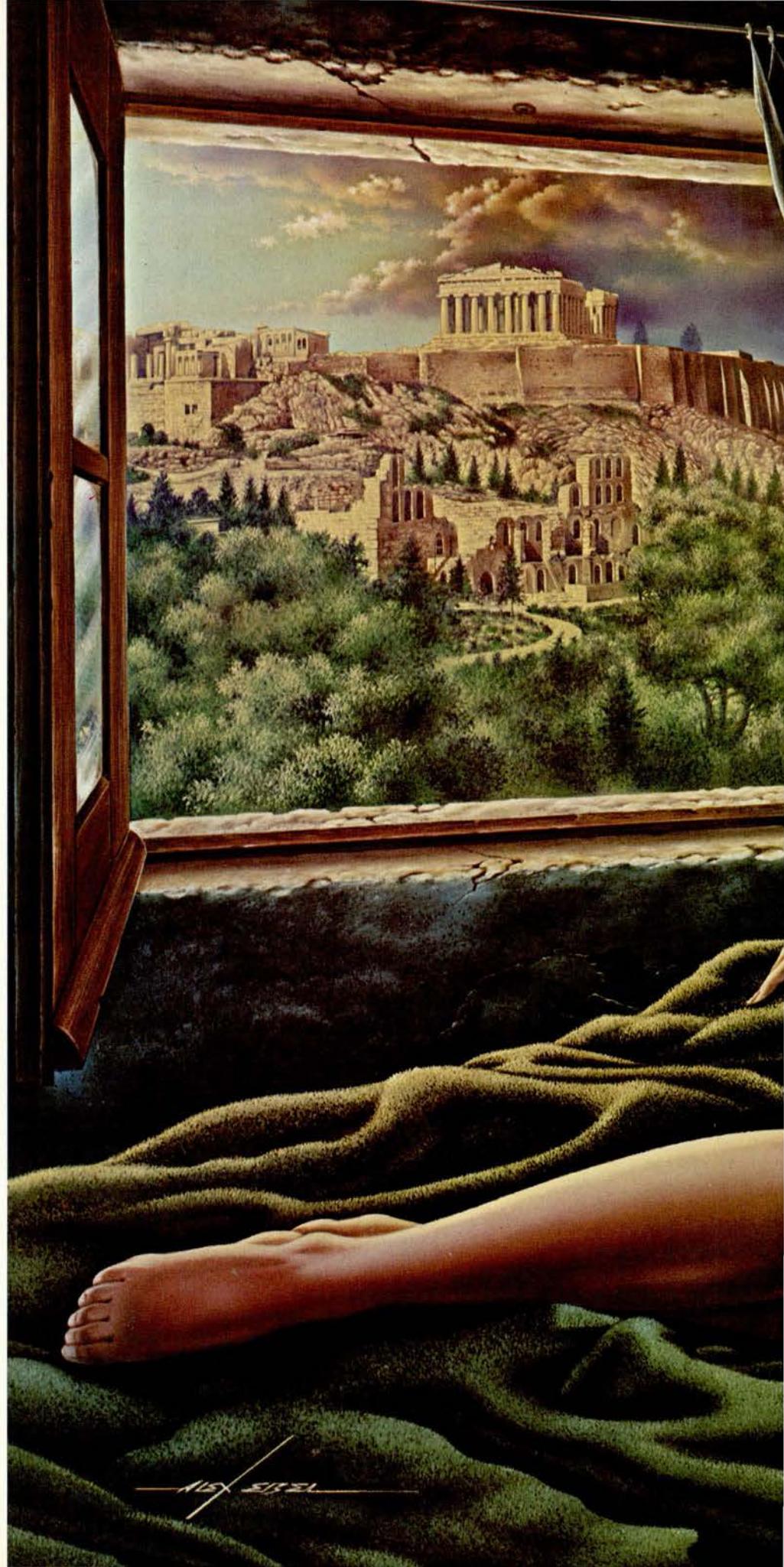
THE NUN'S TAIL

FICTION BY HAROLD NORSE
ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

His eyes lingered on her full, high breasts and the cotton miniskirt that sharply outlined her sensuous hips and exposed her long, black-nyloned legs. She came from Boston, where, she told him, she had been a nun. She had left the convent two years ago, at the age of 20. Since then, she said, grinning, she had done her best to make up for lost time. Puffing a cigarette and downing shot glasses of ouzo with a kind of Irish abandon, she regarded him quizzically, her fine blonde hair glistening like spun gold. They exchanged confidences and admitted feeling very comfortable with each other, as if they'd been friends for years. But he had known her less than an hour.

They had struck up a conversation at the Taverna of the Nine Muses in Plaka, the old quarter of Athens. The taverna had become his regular hangout because it catered less to tourists than to natives and the lower echelons of the international set. He learned that she had come to Greece about the same time as he had, six months ago, and had been waiting, she said, for the right man to come along. When he furrowed his brow, her blue eyes glistened mischievously, and she laughed and said, "I'm no virgin, if that's what you're wondering."

As the hours passed, Larry knew that if he could lure her to his room, he was probably "the right man." If she refused, he'd give up right away—she seemed to know her own mind, that much was clear. Half expecting a rejection, he said, "I've got more



—ALEX EBEL—



interesting stuff than this booze back in my room. Would you like to come over?"

Monica looked up at him wistfully and nodded, showing no resistance, like a child accepting an invitation to candy. Arm in arm, laughing, and staggering slightly, they almost ran the three blocks up the hill to his stony little room, built into the rock like a cave, on Aretousas, the last street before the steeper climb to the Acropolis overhead. It was nearly midnight when they entered. There was a chill in the night air, but Larry tingled with warmth, flushed by an unusual sense of excitement. In all his experience with women, he hadn't felt this way since his first crude sexual encounter as a teenager long ago.

He switched on the dim floorlamp, and they took seats, rather self-consciously, at either end of the couch against the hard, whitewashed stone wall. She watched with a bemused air of fascination and wonder as he rolled a Moroccan joint. It struck him that, in this area, at least, she might be a virgin.

"Have you ever smoked any of this powerful *kif*?" he asked, lighting up and sucking in the smoke with a hissing sound.

"Believe it or not, I've never turned on before," she confessed. "But I'd love to try," she quickly added, seeing his look of dismay. "I feel that, no matter what happens, I'm in good hands. I feel safe with you."

He was grateful for this trust; it bolstered his confidence. He handed the joint to her with some instructions and watched her draw on it gingerly. She caught on fast. It was strong stuff, and for a while they dreamily passed the joint until even the roach was consumed. After her initial apprehension passed, she stared at him questioningly, as if she were disappointed.

"Nothing's happening. I just don't feel anything."

"Don't worry, you will," he reassured her with practiced certainty as time ebbed mysteriously away, and space began to flow through the walls. They had been inching closer to each other the whole time, as if drawn by gravitational force, and now they were close enough to touch, if they reached out.

"You're right," she said in a small childlike voice, "I feel free, wonderfully alive and free. Like blinders falling from my eyes. It's very strange, but I feel as if our bodies, like two sticks in a bathtub, are drawing closer and closer together."

"They are," he said, knowing she was stoned, though not as much as he because of her inexperience in drawing the smoke. Invariably, grass acted upon him as an aphrodisiac, and now his excitement had increased with intensity, his raging hard-on cramped painfully in his pants. Was she looking at him with undisguised expecta-

On her first day of freedom from the convent, she bought a pack of cigarettes, picked up a young Italian boxer in a bar, and got laid.

tion, or did he imagine it? Moving closer, his heart pounding, he put his muscular arm around her neck, pulling her toward him. He drew her mouth to his in a long, hungry, soul-searching kiss.

He was speeding now, on a trip, a flight, set into motion by strong drink topped by strong weed, and it all went straight to his groin, flowing like electric currents into his lightning rod where the mind-altering drugs were grounded, needing an outlet. With swift, impatient fingers he tore open his fly and, without lowering his pants, flipped out his bone-hard cock and shoved it impetuously into her tight, juicy cunt, almost through her panties. The girl offered no resistance. She clung to him, pulled him into her. He had barely got her panties down below her cunt in time, clumsily pushing them to her knees, which he spread and pushed against her tits, ripping the panties as he pinned her back in an awkward sitting position against the stone wall. He banged her wildly, greedily, in a veritable frenzy, panting like a crazed sheepdog that, somehow, has mounted his mistress and with lolling tongue keeps shagging away at her for dear animal life.

Stoned out of his mind, he was aware, however, in some strangely conscious area of his trancelike state, that she, too, in total harmony with him, experienced each thrust, each sensation of his body as he experienced hers, hard flesh in soft flesh, both becoming one in a mingling of membranes, saliva, juices, salty-fishy-birdy-animal oneness. With a single cry in unison, which proved their telepathic connection, they both geysered together in a rushing orgasm, the climax of a maddeningly beautiful meeting of bodies and minds.

Later, comparing notes, they would find that she did indeed feel and think simultaneously what he experienced, that they both felt as if they had crossed the false divide of body and mind.

They were both agreeably surprised that he had not lost his hard-on. This was for him another fantastic fringe benefit of the weed—unusually heightened potency. As they stared at each other without speaking, he began to remove her clothes, first the

thin, cotton print miniskirt, then the lacy white bra and finally the ripped panties, exposing in full her voluptuous body. As each item of clothing went in the striptease, she looked at him in silent, dreamy wonder, with dark pupils grown enormous in shining blue eyes, her yellow hair aglow in the lamplight. Greedily, he took in her fabulous body, her burning red mouth and erect nipples, the rosy tits, high and full, her skin so fair that it could not take the sun, her long, slender legs and hot, wet cunt, now dripping his semen down her inner thighs.

She lay back in a more comfortable position, and he got on top of her. Her arms reached up and around his back and ass and hairy thighs, along which she ran her fingers, lovingly caressing the thick, dark hair of his hard body, stroking his prick and balls. His cock ached deliciously as he pressed it against her clit and open twat, well oiled with both their juices. His pulsing cock entered her again.

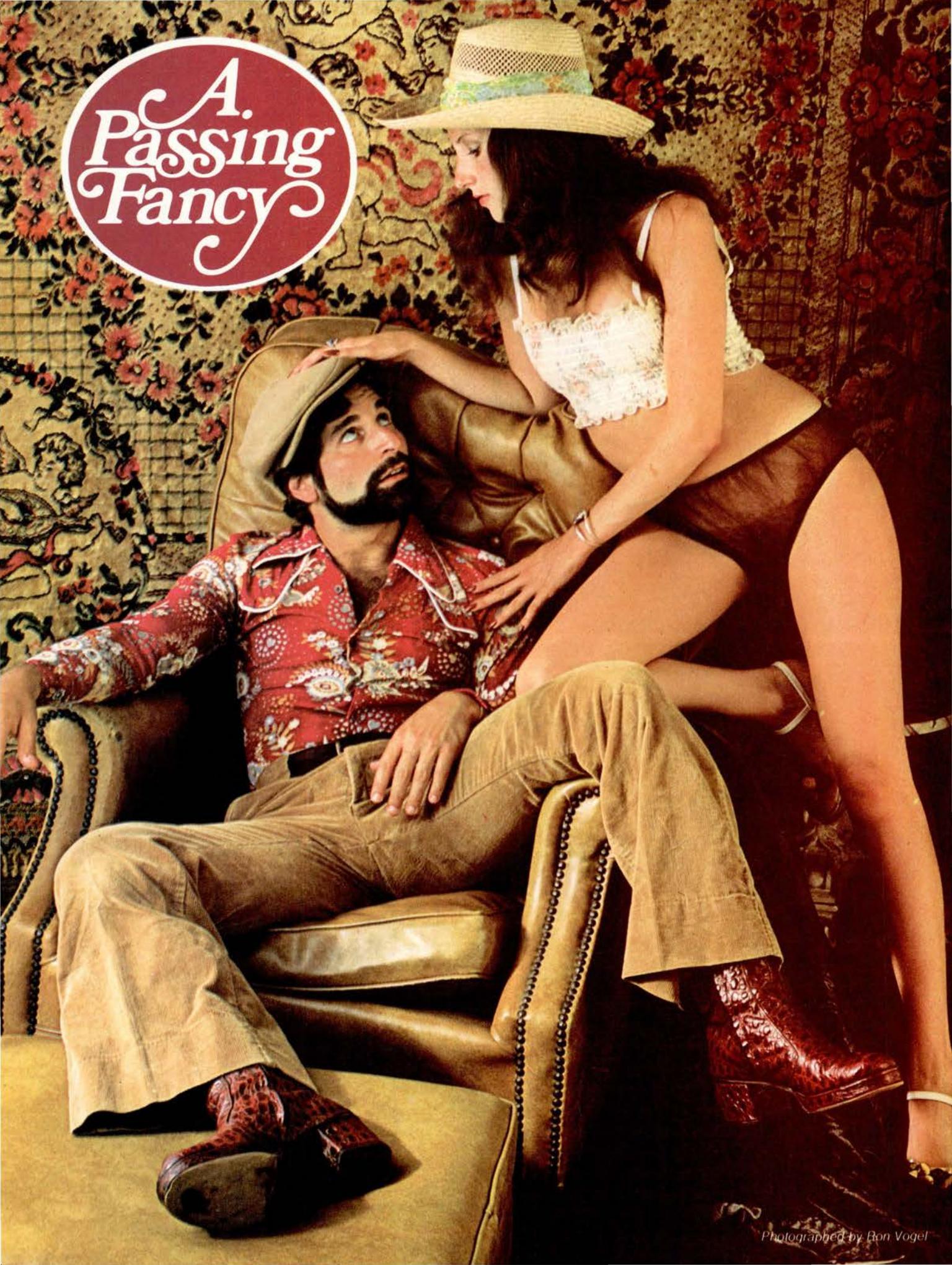
He performed the second fuck like a master magician, less frantic, more sure of himself and of her, yet still powerful, humping and driving as hard as he could with his big, stiff tool. And when at last he exploded into her heaving guts, she sobbed, "Oh, God! Ooohhh, God!" Her trembling legs and thighs shook spastically in the air, and with a fierce upward surge she came again.

In their Cannabis trance, they relaxed briefly, still without speaking, while the wave of the dope gently subsided in them. As he gazed at her soft, languid face he noticed that her eyes had become slightly glazed and the eyelids red. Her features had gone slack in total surrender. Saliva dribbled slightly at the corners of her mouth. His mind was still cloudy, too clogged with the force and fury of primitive emotions, yet he was aware that he had slid far back onto another physical plane, somewhere where words no longer counted. And again he had the swift uncanny feeling that at this very moment she was thinking the same thing. He had felt telepathically united with her all along.

As if to corroborate this flash, her eyes met his with a weird, spooky recognition of his thoughts. Then came the realization that his prick, without ever having lost the erection, was beginning once more to pump and drive with a life of its own, burrowing into her hole as if the lower half of his body obeyed some primal demigod, some god of the genitals, king of the balls, cock and cunt.

Caught in a new tidal wave of aphrodisiac frenzy, he plunged a third time into her yawning wet slit with an almost vicious madness, muttering, "Bitch! Cunt! Aahhh, you stinking—horny—WHORE! Fucking (continued on page 45)

A. Passing Fancy

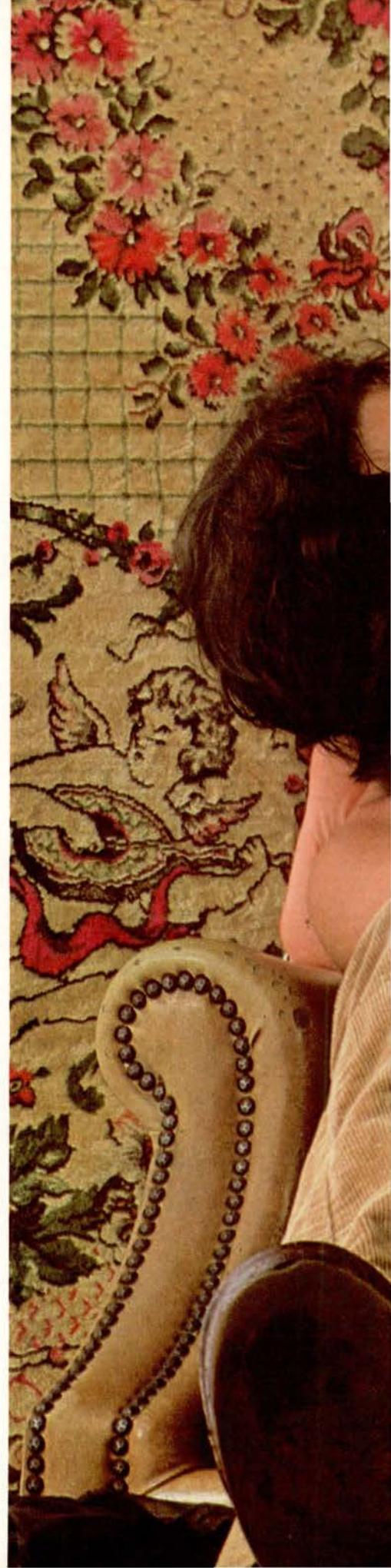


Photographed by Ron Vogel



He noticed her because of her long legs and floppy straw hat. She let him buy her a few drinks, and when he suggested that they go back to his apartment, she agreed, with a smile. When they got to the building, she damn near raped him in the elevator.

Women are uninhibited away from home. He had noticed it a dozen times. This girl was fantastic. She led him through new exotic positions and then gave him her experienced mouth. He brought her off three times by eating her sweet cunt, and then bucked himself furiously into her tight, young ass. She had been gone for three days before he wondered what her name was.



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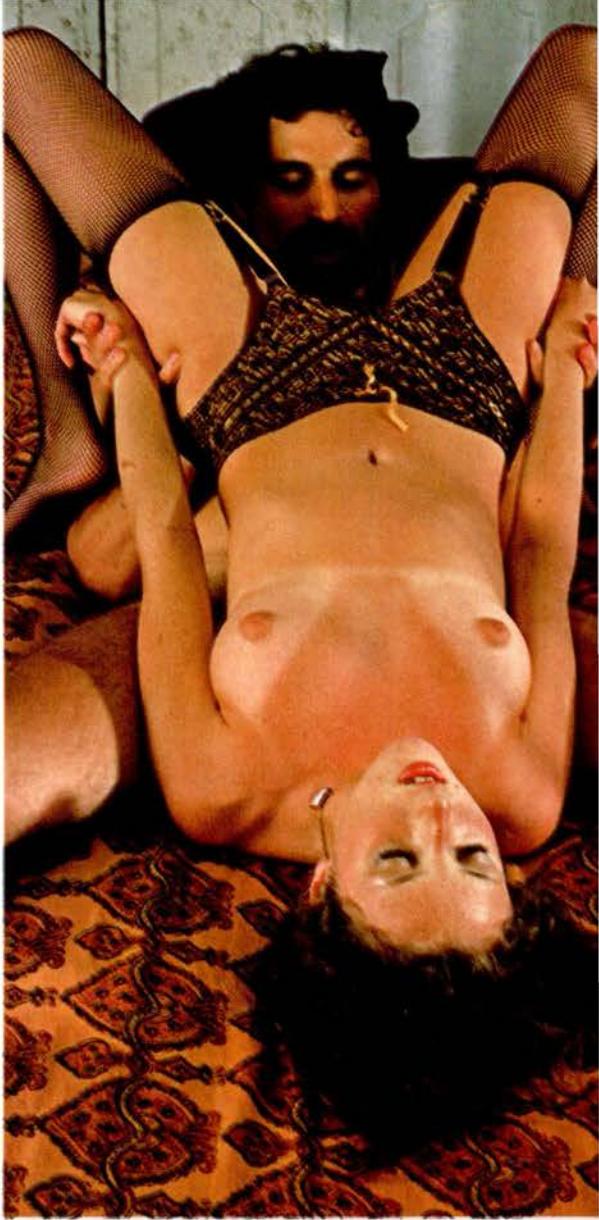
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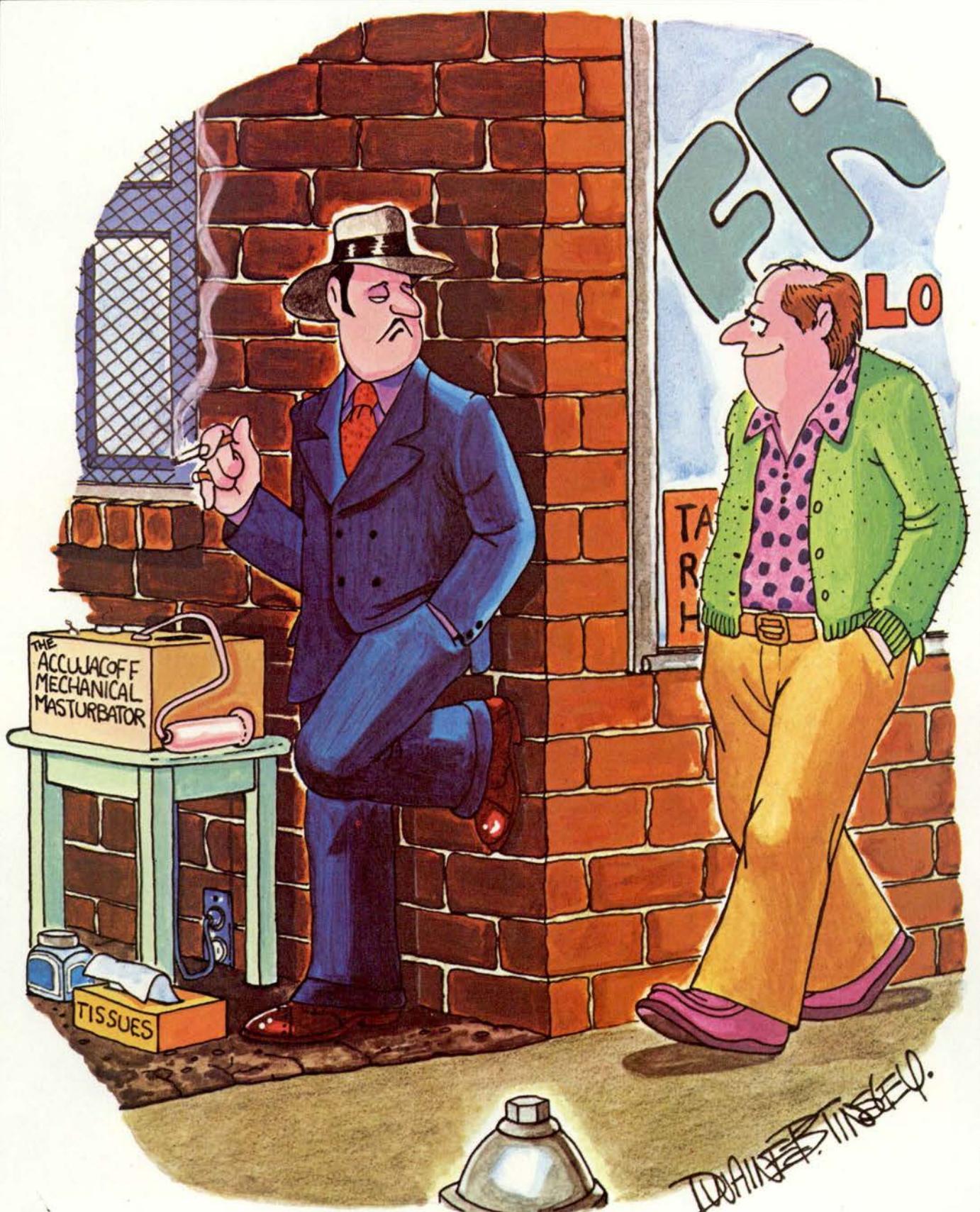












"PSSST. Hey, mister. Lookin' for some action?"

NUN'S TAIL

(continued from page 36)

"pussy! I...love...you!" He screamed the last words, as if they were torn from his throat, digging his strong fingers into the crack of her ass and then deep into her thighs, to bruise them. She moaned and grunted and hissed, then shrieked, "Yes! Ye-e-sss! Fuck me, you bastard! Drive it in hard! HARDER! Give me your cum...I want your cum...."

This time, they fell back exhausted, thoroughly spent. At last his rigid rod grew soft. For a while they dozed, coiled like snakes for warmth around each other in the lamplight. Then, suddenly, he was awake, shuddering slightly. Her eyes were open, glassy, dazed. He stood up and almost fell with sleepiness and fatigue, then padded barefoot on the stone floor through the entranceway to the tiny toilet in the back of the hall to urinate. It took a long time to excrete the night's wastes and fumes of delirium. On his way back he noticed the radium dial of the alarm—three A.M.

He switched off the light and settled down to the sweet euphoria of a fabulous, and not uneventful, first night of a strange love affair with a nun.

* * *

As a young girl, Monica had entered the convent of her own free will just as, a few years later, she would leave it the same way.

"A hornier bunch of females," she said, "I have yet to encounter."

The only man they ever saw was on a crucifix. They were married to him. They were all in love with the muscular dead body of Christ, spread-eagled up there on the cross, she said. The nuns and novices did weird sex things to each other, like flicking their habits against one another's breasts on their way to prayers, keeping eyes modestly lowered. It drove them crazy, she said, made them horny as hell. Sometimes, when they were prostrating themselves in prayers, the odor of unwashed cunt was like the stench of a fish market.

"Catholic pussies," she said, "smelling of guilt."

She knew that most of them masturbated each other or were eating it, but she herself had never indulged. She had entered the convent because, as a child, she'd been extremely religious; she had mystical experiences and believed in some kind of mission, perhaps sainthood. She still possessed unusual but undeveloped psychic powers.

Her stories about the convent intrigued him. A marvelous raconteur, she held him spellbound all that morning. He empathized

with her disillusionment, her disgust with institutionalized religion, because of his own strong aversion to hypocrisy. Very little could shock him anymore, but some of her tales about the cruelty, hate and petty power trips of the nuns and Mother Superior almost made him vomit. When she finally realized that nothing in the convent had anything to do with God or love or compassion, she broke free of "the penal colony," as she had come to call it, and on her first day of freedom bought a pack of cigarettes, picked up a young Italian boxer in a bar, and got laid.

She rose cometlike as a career woman in advertising, but she gave that up, too. Business, she told him, was just like a convent. Power and hate. It was too much. She dropped out. She wanted to travel, so she got a clerical job with the U. S. Army Base in Libya where she kept dreaming of the Boston Strangler—"My guilt feelings," she said, "coming out in a rather symbolic punishment."

"Guilt for what?" he asked.

"I was fucking every GI on the base," she said, "and when that didn't do it, I had a string of Arab camel drivers."

Asserting her freedom of choice as a free woman, she had gotten the raunchy sex trip out of her system and most of the guilt. Now she was ready for "the real thing." She read

Lawrence Durrell's travel books on the Greek experience and flew to Athens, vowing that if she couldn't find love there she'd return to Boston and become the bitchiest wonder woman in the advertising industry and forget all about men.

"And that's when I met, my lord, you."

"Sorry to fuck up a brilliant career," he said with a gallant grin.

"Cheri, you've saved me from a fate worse than death. And from the Boston Strangler. I didn't dream of him last night."

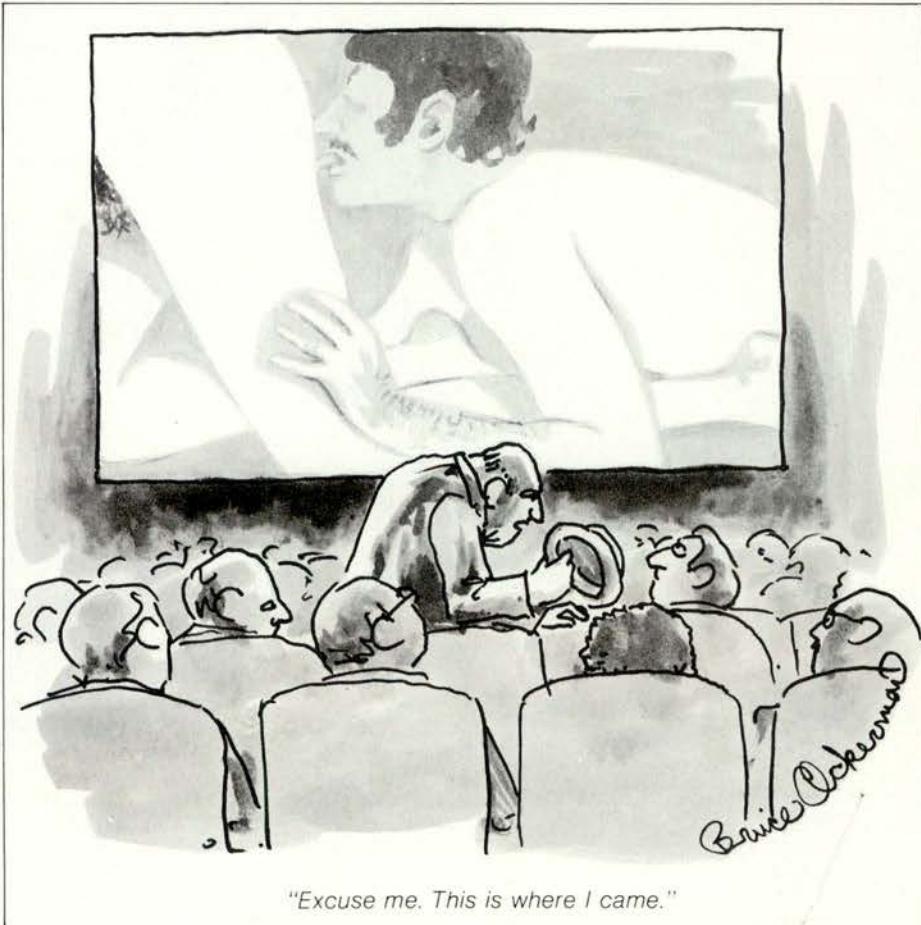
"You didn't get a chance to," he said. "We never stopped fucking."

* * *

Next day they went to American Express to pick up their mail and then to have breakfast. And on the terrace of Cafe Papaspyros outside American Express, as they sat down under the green umbrella for a coffee, a raucous gravel voice beside them growled, "Nice goil. Beautiful tits. Wot you doin' wid dat bum?"

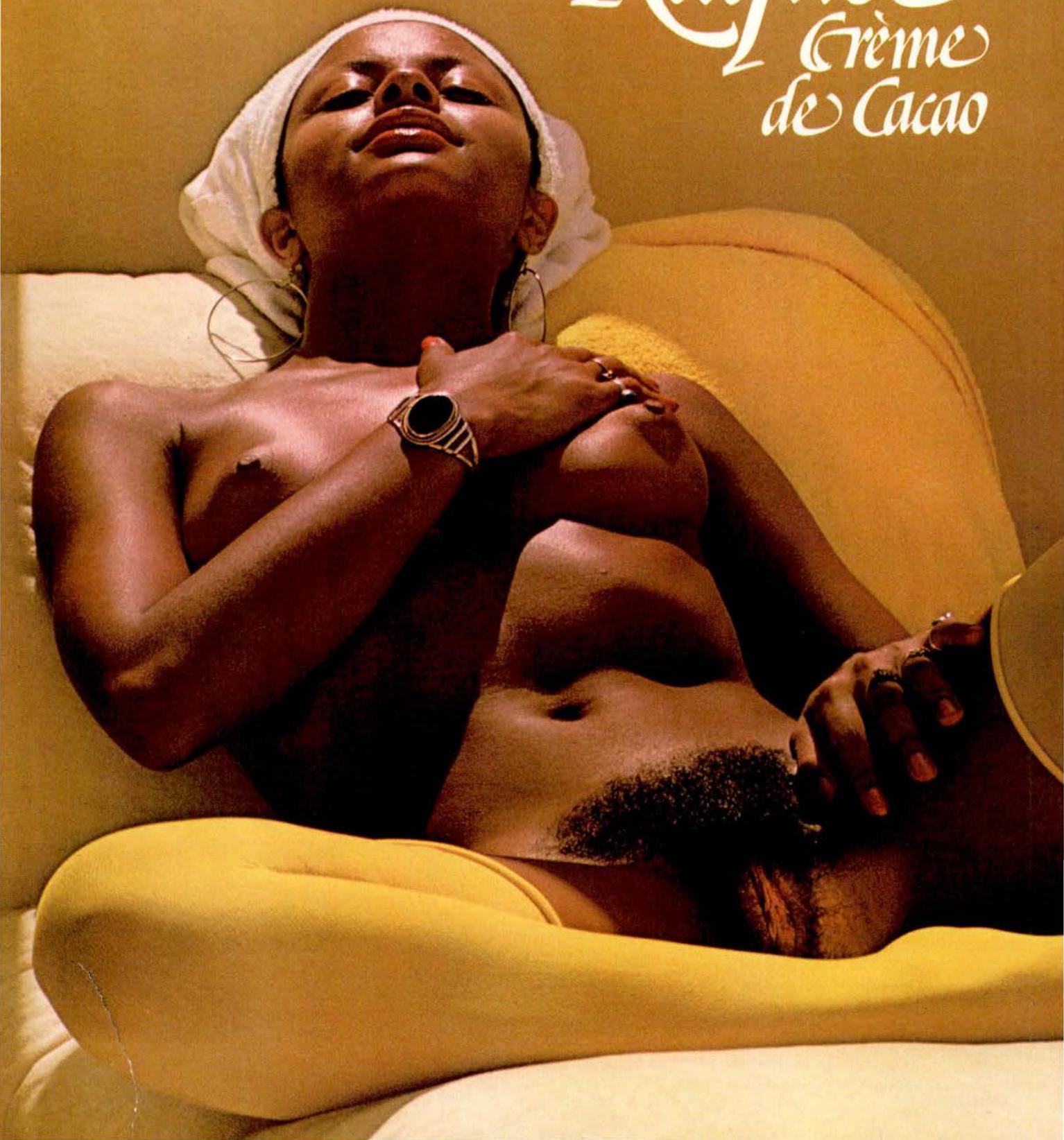
Larry turned and recognized an old man called Karapanos. He looked uglier, fatter and more arrogant than when Larry had last seen him in New York, some ten years earlier. The bush of black and gray hairs growing out of his bulbous nose was thicker than ever, giving him the aspect of a mythological monster. The old man's hard,

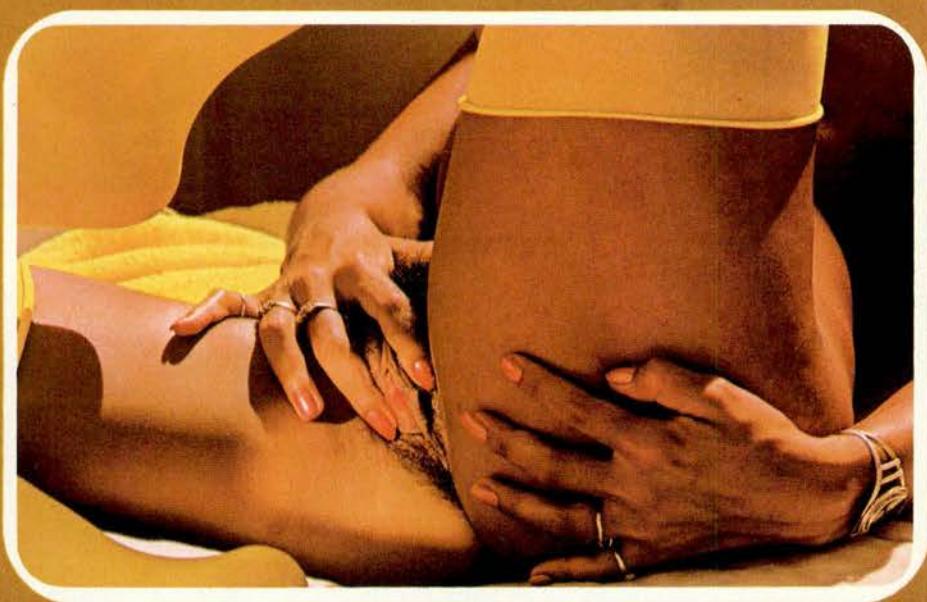
(continued on page 90)



Raquel

Crème
de Cacao





Photographed by Clive McLean

A successful stripper brings a dark, faceless audience to an erotic peak in a look-but-don't-touch atmosphere. Raquel maintains it's hard work because "I can't help being turned on knowing what those men want to do to my naked body."

For Raquel, nudity is one of many expressions of this 20-year-old free soul. Her preference for getting down with married men, who pose no threat of tying her down, is understandable. She feels most unfettered in the mellow warmth of her Indianapolis apartment, where she can escape into her own fantasy performance in which her costumes are her only restraints.



The shining yellow silk "sets off the parts of me I want hidden until the temptation can't be overcome." Raquel's mouth waters as she takes her breasts, like ripe melons, into her trembling hands, and she delights in the contrast between the high yellow sheets and her cocoa complexion. Then comes the moment when she experiences a private finale she could never duplicate onstage. It's an act we'd like to catch.



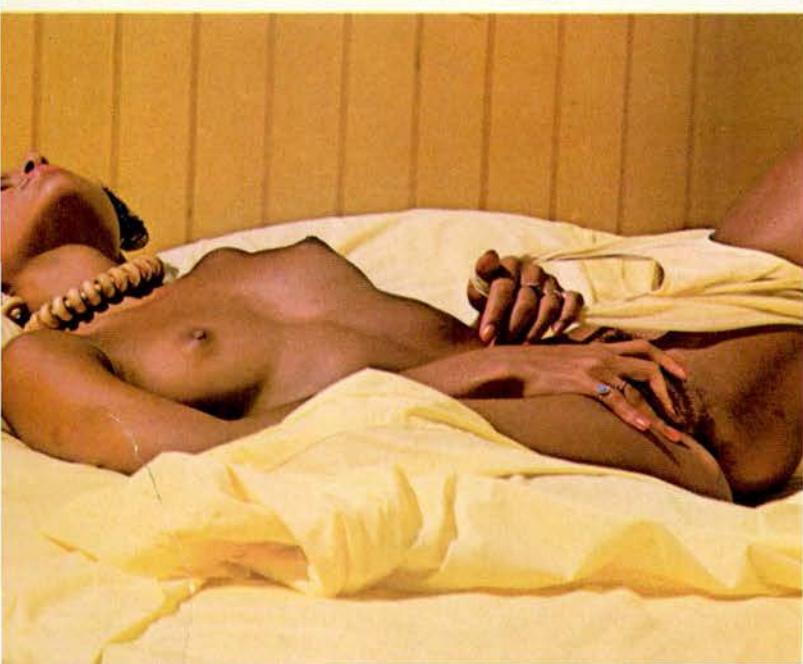
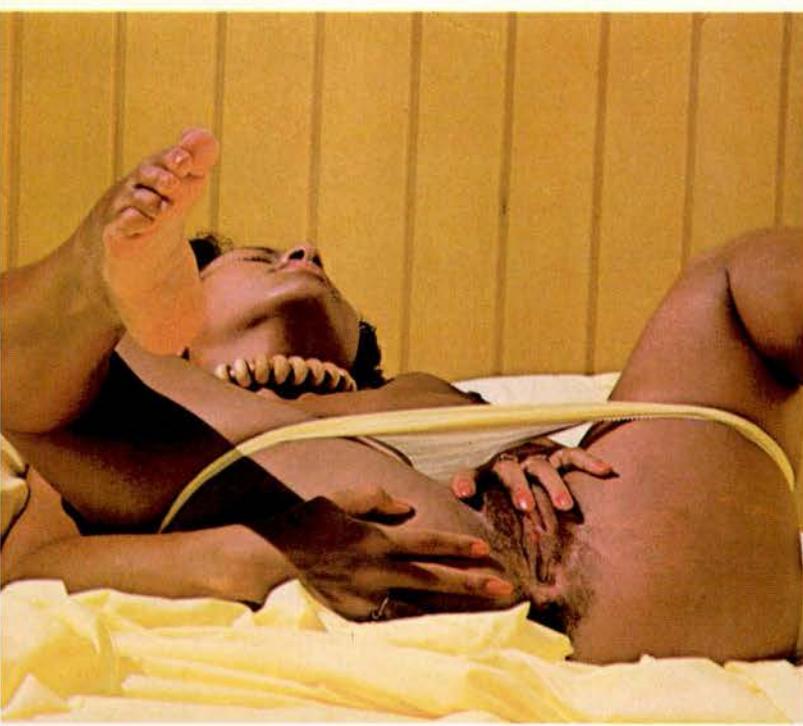
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SHONED

PROFILE BY MICHAEL BANE

Yessiree, things were a hell of a lot easier when David Allan Coe was still a genuine, A-number-one murderer. How positively salable, if not downright poetic, to take Nashville's resident lunatic—that hulking figure in those ridiculous rhinestone suits and that outrageous oversize hat—and turn him into country music's next superstar. And talk about highly lucrative—country music fans will flock to an ex-con-turned-picker faster than flies to Georgia molasses.

DAVID ALLAN COE EX-CON IN RHINESTONES



Ex-con-turned-picker, Coe, the rhinestone badass, plays for a dressed-down Texas audience.

If he can really pick and write songs, that's just icing on the cake.

David Allan Coe, the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy, was on his way just as surely as the sap rises in the spring. Another Kristofferson, the music press trumpeted, the country music Bob Dylan—the onetime murderer-turned-poet, complete with 365 self-administered tattoos and an all-girl backup band, singing about prison walls like no other ex-con picker had ever dared. David Allan Coe was just about the hottest thing in country music since the steel guitar,

until some wiseass at *Rolling Stone* called him a liar. Shit, said the official voice of the counterculture, David Allan Coe didn't kill nobody—all you country music people are too damn dumb to see a con's con when it slaps you in the face. He's an outlaw all right, a nasty motherfucker who took the whole town of Nashville for a ride. And if he's just an unreformed con instead of a repentant murderer, who cares whether David Allan Coe can pick and write all them pretty country songs? What is all this Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy shit anyway?

querades by day as an Italian restaurant. They are too far gone into the crystal-clear brew that passes hereabouts for water to know if they are breathing at all.

They are students, mostly—educated, dressed-down, wearing Earth Shoes, flimsy gauze halters, crotch-tight shorts or very carefully faded Levi's; cowboy hats by Texas Hatters of Austin, genuine hand-tooled cowboy boots with pointed toes, all the vogue—made by Justin Boot Company of Fort Worth. Cocaine is provided by an emaciated blond-haired fellow named John, who moves through the crowd like a worried hostess. At the drop of a cowboy hat, John will tell you hair-raising stories about nonscheduled, noncommercial airplane flights to Mexico and points south.

Tonight, these people are all in this steamy sardine can to witness the genuine macho/outlaw product—none of those namby-pamby, limp-wristed men who so often pass for singers today will satisfy this crowd. They're here to meet head-on with the badass Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy. By God, either the audience or the Cowboy ain't going to walk out of this saloon in one piece.

"Bring that motherfucker on!" shouts one customer, already well into his second—or maybe third—pitcher of Pearl. "David Al-lan Coe! Where the fuck is David Al-lan Coe?" He rolls the name around on his tongue, spitting out the middle name as if it were a two-syllable obscenity.

Just because his rhinestone-studded name is on the marquee outside, just because all these people paid four dollars a head to cram into this ersatz pizzeria to spill beer in one another's laps is no guarantee that Nashville's premier bad boy is going to show. At least, that's how the stories go.

Even David Allan Coe's record company, CBS Records, claims to have no idea of what he is doing or where he happens to be doing it. Like some self-destructing "Mission: Impossible" tape, they disavow any knowledge of the man. After all, they say, did I know of any other country music star with a standing defense committee? Or with a million-dollar lawsuit laid on him from some guy he decked in Houston? Am I sure I want to talk to David Allan Coe anyway, they ask? Wouldn't I really rather write about Charlie Daniels? At least CBS Records knows where Charlie Daniels is.

At the Rome Inn, the noise is approaching a thundering crescendo—war whoops and the pounding of beer bottles, backed up by

Isn't that nice, clean-cut Glen Campbell the Rhinestone Cowboy?

Waiting for Coe's Act

Summer nights in Austin hardly inspire poetic murmurings. The south Texas air is thick enough to chew—with or without chili peppers. Old-timers can still remember the night the temperature plummeted into the mid-80s before midnight and everybody damn near froze. This particular Texas night, the patrons are packed into the Rome Inn, a ramshackle brick affair that mas-

a chorus of screaming giggles and genuine hand-tooled boot stomping.

"Motherfuckin' David Al-lan Coe!" The whole crowd has taken up the litany. "Motherfuckin' David Al-lan Coe!"

Onstage, the sound crew makes final adjustments. They are decked out in green T-shirts emblazoned with the subtle reminder: "David Allan Coe Road Crew—No Head, No Backstage Pass." (The story goes that when the crew's only female member asked for a T-shirt, the rest of the crew insisted that she change into it at their next full-house show. She did, of course.) As the roar of the crowd climaxes, a hulking figure in an outrageous hat bulls his way toward the stage. He travels with his head down, a scruffy Paul Bunyan clutching a black and white guitar, oblivious to the deafening cheers and the clutching hands of the crowd.

"Motherfuckin' David Al-lan Coe! Bring on David Al-lan Coe!"

He takes the stage in two huge bounds, and without any introduction or smile he launches into his first song, while the crowd's enthusiasm continues. However, they are momentarily thrown off guard: Instead of a vision of rhinestone badassness, they see a scruffy, middle-aged man in jeans and a T-shirt. "David Allan Coe," the T-shirt reads, "Damn Near as Big as

Texas." Silver skull earrings and the outrageous hat with its rhinestone band—some cosmic, phallic vision from a Tom Mix nightmare—are his only concessions to the myth of his own making. Inexplicably, he wears a small adjustable wrench on his belt.

"Motherfuckin' David Al-lan Coe!" the crowd roars. "Motherfucker!"

Coe on Coe: Cowboy's Blues

Austin mornings are a little easier on the body and soul than Austin evenings. Even the floor of David Allan's backup bus—not the fancy, black and white Rhinestone Cowboy Special—seems comfortable, with its dirty gold and black squares of carpet and soft velour pillows. "Shit," says David Allan, still in T-shirt and jeans, still wearing that damned adjustable wrench, "this bus has got soul."

We're hiding out in the bus to dodge the maelstrom of activity, including phone calls, hostile creditors and miscellaneous bullshit that swirls around his every move. David Allan and I sprawl out in the middle of the bus, and one of David Allan's "brothers" from the Outlaws motorcycle gang takes up his station at the front door. The bodyguard—whom David Allan pointedly refuses to name—is deeply tanned and as muscular as a young bear. He has a swastika tattooed on his left forearm, and his

eyes stare right through you. David Allan just chuckles.

"If somebody wants to mop up the floor with ole David Allan," he says, "he's going to get his ass whipped."

The conversation predictably turns to women, the one area of David Allan's bizarre life-style that doesn't seem exaggerated. The gentleman is, shall we say, surrounded with admirers.

"I swear, Michael, it's like that everywhere we go," he says, managing to look like a puzzled little boy instead of the pagan fellow who penned a song titled "I'd Like to Fuck the Shit Out of You."

"I kept wondering why all this was coming down, and I had this lady tell me why the other day," David Allan says, still looking absolutely innocent. "She told me the reason was because I was the first masculine thing women could identify with in a long time. Almost every musical superstar since Elvis Presley has been some kind of motherfuckin' faggot, you know."

Clearly, this person, sprawled across a couple of pillows in a ratty bus, is not your basic Porter Wagoner-Roy Acuff country music star. In proper Nashville circles, one never admits to having diddled one of those busty blonde ladies who seem to be everywhere. Nor does your proper country music star casually dismiss his predecessors as a bunch of motherfucking faggots. This is not the way to get an appearance on the Grand Ole Opry.

"Yeah," this lady said, "there's been nothing masculine coming along and here comes David Allan Coe." You know, wearing earrings, defying motherfuckers, just laying it up there, is like smacking them in the face," Coe says.

In a proverbial nutshell, this is David Allan Coe's philosophy of life—smack them in the face, then stand back and see what they do. It was that philosophy that led plain old David Coe, fresh out of the Ohio State Penitentiary, to produce his mysterious rhinestone alter ego eight years ago and proceed to stuff it down everyone's throat. Yeah, yeah—20 years in prison. Yeah, yeah—death row in Ohio for wasting a fellow inmate who presented David Allan with essentially the same option his road crew offers to the local nookie—no head, no backstage pass. He decided to hit the dude with a mop bucket wringer right smack on the head. Crack.

The image again: tough, surly. The ex-con gets back to women.

"Had a chick come up to me. She's 42 years old. She says there's no way I could know my magnetism to women," David Allan is saying. He is listlessly thumping the floor of the bus with a scrap piece of wood.

(continued on page 75)





"At least the socks still fit."

KARYN

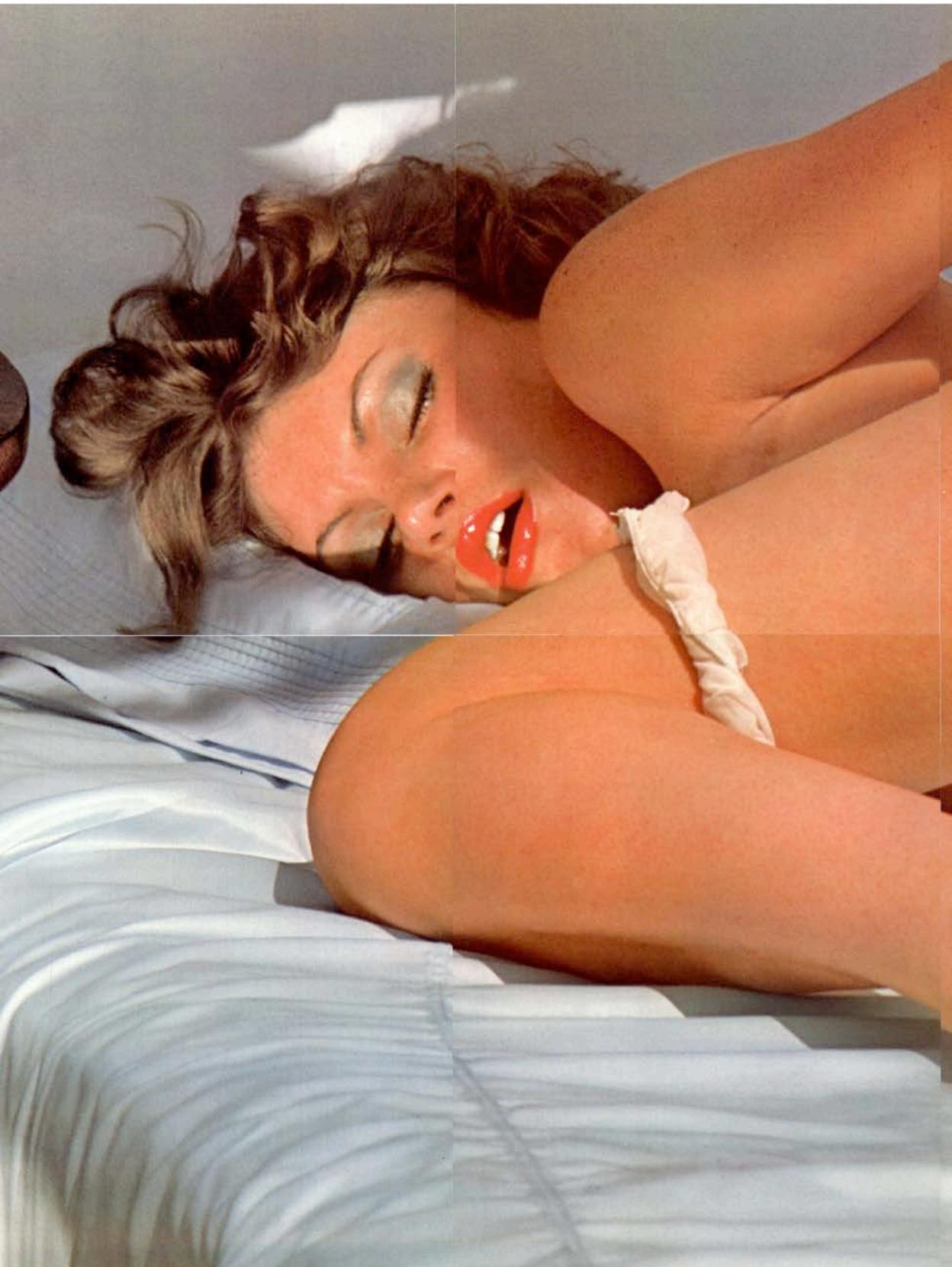


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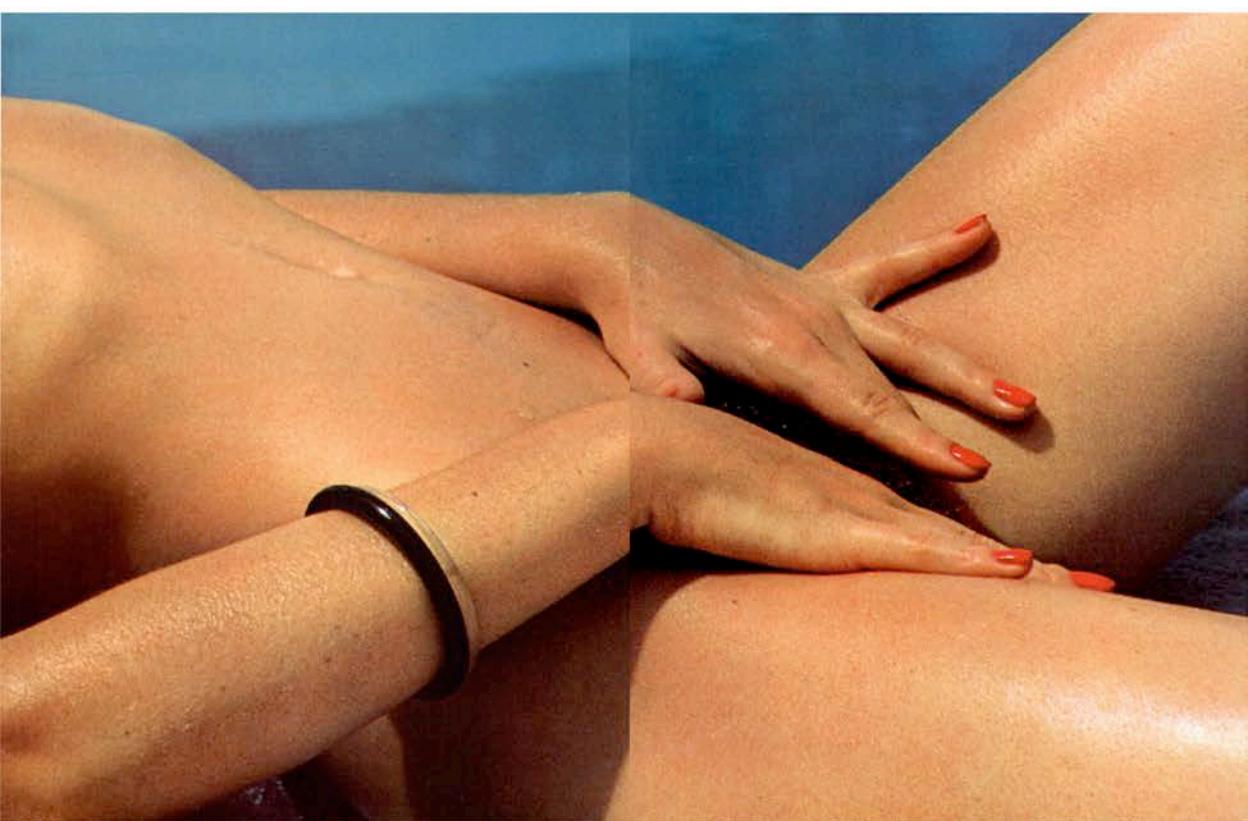
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You last saw Karyn Wagner seducing a seven-foot phallic symbol in our December *Bits & Pieces*. We knew then that we should check out the possibility of seeing more of Karyn, and fortunately, we were dealing with a transplanted native of Missouri, the "Show Me" state.

Showing off her body fits Karyn's career as a model, and her ability to use such expressions as seductress or pouting waif tantalizes men like a mermaid's song. Her young face and impish eyes make them think she's ready and willing to be initiated into the rights of womanhood. But when they begin to tongue her swollen nipples to erection and part her matching lips to explore her virgin depths, Karyn unleashes a display of passion and lust that signifies knowledge beyond her years.

"I enjoy sex. I just love it!" When you hear this 21-year-old from Rochester, New York, make an exclamation like that, with the same soft, husky voice she uses in radio spots—a new aspect of her career—it makes you wish you had a seven-foot phallus for her to seduce.

With all that going for Karyn, don't you think she was worth looking into?



DAVID ALLAN COE

(continued from page 54)

"Women's liberation and everything, most of the men have gone to that side of the fence. But here I am still calling them cunts."

He laughs a little, totally out of character with his badass image.

"I made a statement once that 85 percent of the women I've known in my life, I've just seen the tops of their heads," he says, wallowing in the memory of those University of Texas coeds, those majors in elementary education and psychology and premed students, down on their knees. "A lot of women really resent me, but they're very curious. They come up to me with the intention of, 'Well, I'm going to show you, you motherfucker!' That's how they come up to me. Before the night's over, they're sucking my dick."

That's David Allan Coe talking, not the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy, and it's important to make that distinction. Because David Allan Coe is a person split right down the middle, with David Coe on one side and the Rhinestone Cowboy on the other. First there's an intelligent—perhaps extremely intelligent—singer and songwriter, a sensitive person with the ability to compose a lyrical, mystical song like "Would You Lay with Me (in a Field of Stone)" as his brother's wedding vows; a person crafty and cynical enough to create and exploit an image. The other side is that image gone berserk: a badass, motherfucking, outlaw biker, crazy guitar picker who'd just as soon kick your face in and rape your grandmother as play you a song; a slick fucker who'll bullshit on any subject just to watch you squirm and has the balls to make you believe it all. The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy grabs 'em by the ears and stuffs their faces in his crotch. But David Allan Coe wonders what makes them suck. Has the image overtaken the man?

"I don't like that word *image*, man, because when a lot of people hear that word they think it's something we created," he says. "But man, it's just my life-style. I just have a life-style that I live. I'm a biker. I mean, I'm no fuckin' different than any other fuckin' biker in the world."

Not so long ago, there was a time when David Allan wasn't just a fuckin' biker. In fact, there was a time when David Allan played all that stuff down. David Allan Coe was going to be a superstar. Then Nashville went outlaw crazy. Waylon Jennings, after years of battering his head against a city that didn't give a damn, found himself a local hero—outlaw, they called him. Willie Nelson left Nashville in disgust and was

welcomed back like a lost deity—outlaw, they said. Nashville suddenly needed its outlaws.

But David Allan Coe's outlaw image turned out to be a little too real for Nashville.

After all, Waylon Jennings was really a good ole family man in disguise, and everybody already knew Willie Nelson was just a pussycat. But the powers that be reasoned that this Coe fellow was awfully strange to pawn off on the conservative record-buying public. Besides, how could that public welcome Waylon and Willie and that whole scruffy Texas bunch with open arms if there wasn't somebody really, honest-to-God weird, someone really on the outside, to show people how wholesome those "outlaws" actually were.

By the gospel according to David Allan Coe, that someone out there just waiting to be the scapegoat was none other than the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy himself.

"So the real outlaw is on the outside watching all them motherfuckers pretending to be outlaws. Yeah, it bothers me. It bothers me a lot," he says, smashing the piece of wood against the battered floor of the bus. David Allan Coe is pissed. "You know what? Being an accepted outlaw is like being a good nigger."

Whoa there, I say. You're the guy who talks so much about being Willie's and Waylon's friend, the third person of the Holy Trinity of progressive country music. You're the guy who just cut a record called "Willie, Waylon and Me." So, are they good niggers or good friends or what?

David Allan sighs and looks like he can't decide whether to hit me with the stick or to start crying. They are his friends, he says, bitterness creeping into his voice, and god-damn it, David Allan Coe loves them like brothers. Musicians shouldn't turn against one another, he adds, but one person can stand just so much bullshit.

So much bullshit, he echoes quietly. That is the bottom line—David Allan Coe is a man trapped in a pile of bullshit of his own making. Despite his protestations that he did not set out to create an image, he spent eight years proving that he was the biggest and meanest bull in the pasture and the baddest, motherfuckingest shit kicker ever to piss in front of the Country Music Hall of Fame. Now, sitting on the floor of this godforsaken bus with a blistering south Texas sun stirring up an inferno outside, plain old David Coe has the sneaking suspicion that the whole thing doesn't amount to a nickel's worth of warm piss.

We sit quietly for a couple of minutes.

"Glen Campbell," he says suddenly, converting the name into an obscene oath. Goddamn Glen Campbell. Motherfuckin' Glen Campbell. Work for eight years, eating,

sleeping, living, breathing, fucking and sucking as the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy and wake up one morning to find Glen Campbell with a number-one song called "Rhinestone Cowboy." Headlines in *Country Music* magazine, for God's sake, hail Glen Campbell as *The Rhinestone Cowboy*. It's like having somebody steal your jock.

"I mean, he was just smart enough to know that the masses were not going to accept David Allan Coe," says Coe, assuming his aspect as the original—accept no substitutes—Rhinestone Cowboy. "Now I don't even want to use the term anymore. I even took it off my bus. It used to say the Rhinestone Cowboy on my bus, but I fuckin' painted it out. It's ridiculous."

Then there's that motherfucker from *Rolling Stone*, he adds, who, should the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy catch him out after dark or without an armed guard, will be reduced to his component parts.

Actually, despite David Allan's saber rattling, the real villains, if you can call them villains, of the piece, are the people at the educational television station in Dallas, Texas. When they prepared their documentary on the Rhinestone Cowboy, they did what no other journalist had thought to do. They called the Ohio penal authorities and asked if, to their knowledge, a person named David Allan Coe ever killed anyone or had ever been on death row. The answer was no.

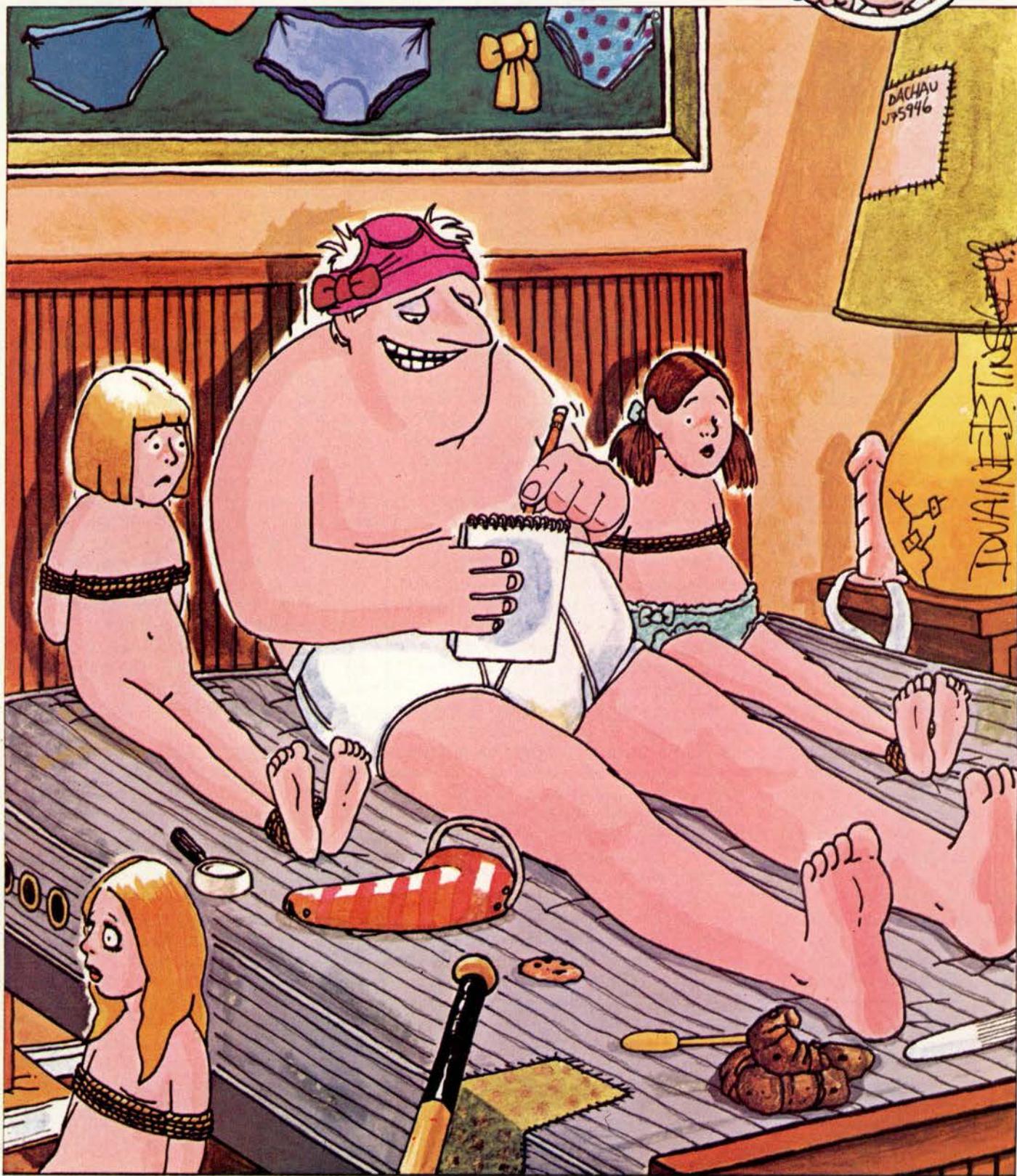
The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy looks as if I'd intimated that his cock was shorter than his pinkie. Then he sighs, and I have the strangest feeling that some irate god has condemned David Allan Coe to spend the rest of his life answering this one question.

For what it's worth, his answer is yes. Prove it, I say. He sighs again. Sure, he can prove it. But his attorney has advised him that substantive proof could leave him open for a second-degree murder rap in Ohio. Besides, he never said he was tried for murder, just that he'd murdered someone and ended up on death row. Did I always believe everything I was told by prison authorities, he counters? My answer is no.

The fact is, David Allan Coe is no stranger to the gray walls and steel doors of prisons. He was institutionalized at the age of nine ("my parents didn't want me"). Then there was car theft (he was, he claims, just along for the ride), possession of burglary tools (a screwdriver) and possession of obscene material (an eight-page comic book, a la *Zap Comix*)—just about 20 years in the can, give or take a few. That's no bullshit, and it's sure not a hell of a lot of fun.

"The sad part about it is my contention
(continued on page 111)

CHESTER THE MOLESTER!



"Dear Kinky Korner . . ."

A little boy was sitting on a curb squashing pissants. A priest came along and asked him what he was doing.

The little boy said, "Killing pissants."

The priest then said, "Well, son, don't you know that everything has a purpose in life?"

The little boy said, "Nope."

The priest then said, "OK, name three things in life that don't have a purpose."

The little boy said, "Tits on a nun, balls on a priest, and these damn pissants!"

A sexy but fleshy broad, after being vigorously eaten out for some time by her boyfriend, reached a climax. With the release of tension that followed, she cut a loud, stinking fart.

In the act of lapping up the fruits of his labors, her boyfriend raised his face and breathed, "Ahhh, fresh air."

An old couple was sitting on a park bench when they heard a girl in the bushes say, "Harry, take off your glasses; you're hurting me!"

Suspecting what was going on, the old couple moved closer. As they eagerly listened to the movements in the bushes, they heard the girl exclaim, "Harry, put your glasses back on; you're eating the grass."

You know that the honeymoon is over when: You're in the bathroom shaving and your wife comes in to take a stinkin' shit.

Two men were laid out, one in a blue suit, the other in a brown suit. Their wives were standing by the caskets and weeping. The funeral director came over and asked them if their husbands looked satisfactory.

"Well," said one of the women, "I wish my husband had on the blue suit instead of the brown one."

The other wife said, "And I'd like my husband to be dressed in the brown one."

The funeral director assured them that it wouldn't be any trouble. That night, the two ladies returned to the funeral parlor and, sure enough, the suits had been changed. The women were so grateful that they told the director how much they appreciated his efforts.

The funeral director said, "No trouble at all, ladies. I just switched heads."

The HUSTLER Barfinary defines a *Bloodsucker* as: someone who performs menstrual cunnilingus.

A weary traveler stopped at a motel for the night. "We're all booked up," said the man at the desk, "but there is a Texan who isn't due in till early in the morning, so if you can be out by then, you can sleep in his room."

"OK," said the man.

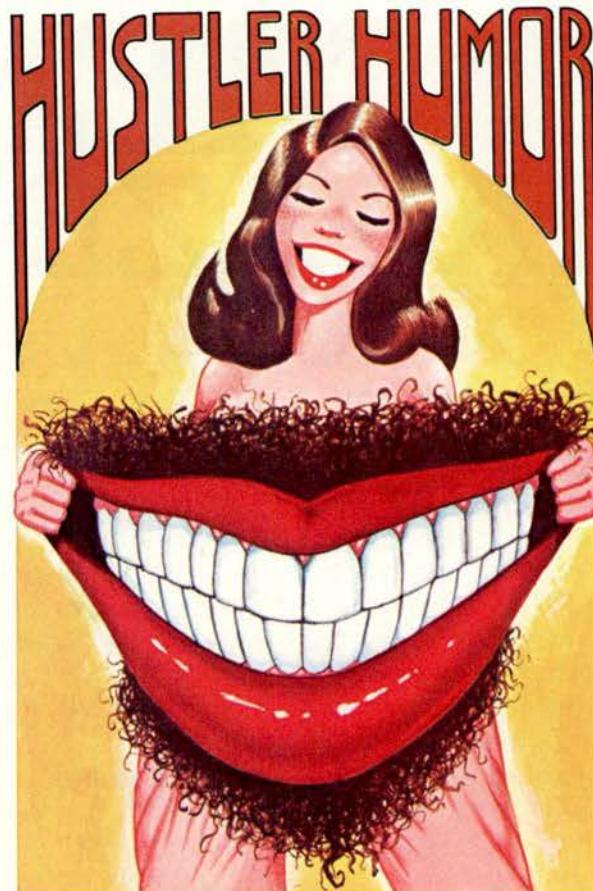
During the middle of the night, the man burst into the motel office and screamed, "What kind of establishment do you run here?"

The attendant asked, "What's wrong?"

"Well," answered the man, "I was sound asleep when a huge Texan jumped on top of me, straddled my chest, pointed a gun at my head and said, 'Suck my dick or I'll shoot!'"

"What did you do?" said the man at the desk.

"You didn't hear any shooting, did you?"



The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Laying an Egg* as: a kinky fetish.

How many Italians does it take to rape a woman? Six. Three to hold her down, one to do it and two to read the instruction book.

A poverty-stricken woman and her daughter managed to survive on whatever they could beg, borrow or steal. One day the daughter found 50 cents on the sidewalk and rushed home to tell her mother of her good fortune. The mother decided that it would be just enough money to buy two eggs and a bottle of catsup and sent her daughter to the store. The daughter was excited about the feast she and her mother were about to have, but, as luck would have it, she slipped and fell down in the store, breaking the eggs and the bottle of catsup. This upset the girl so much that she began to cry. A man was passing and heard the young lady and went over to investigate.

Upon seeing the mess on the floor before her, he said, "Don't cry about it, honey. It wouldn't have lived anyway. Its eyes were too far apart."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Polish Shish Kebab* as: a flaming arrow shot through a garbage can.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, no returns. ☺

UNBIASED
CONSUMER'S
GUIDE TO

MEN'S MAGAZINES

BY DAVE GALE

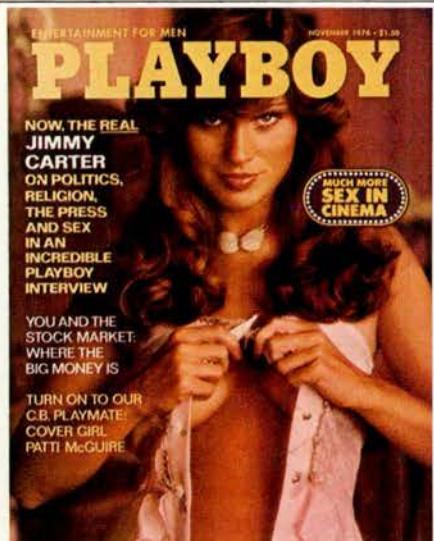
In this, HUSTLER's second annual unbiased consumer's guide to men's magazines, we intend to give our readers the kind of insider's opinion we published last year. That and a little more:

In the first of our annual reviews, Bruce David (who has since become our managing editor) demonstrated HUSTLER's commitment to keeping a critical eye on every men's magazine on the market—including our own. By constantly assessing "the state of the art," we hope to avoid the complacency that seems to go hand in hand with success in this business.

We wanted an unbiased, professional opinion, so we lured Dave Gale, aka Stan Fernando, from his West Coast gig as managing editor of the *San Francisco Ball* to size up the pack. Our only criterion was that he give his honest criticism of us and the other magazines. We believe he's done just that.

We think you'll find his opinions ballsy, unrestrained and entertaining. After all, entertainment is the name of the game, right? Gentlemen, read 'em and weep!

\$1.50, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611



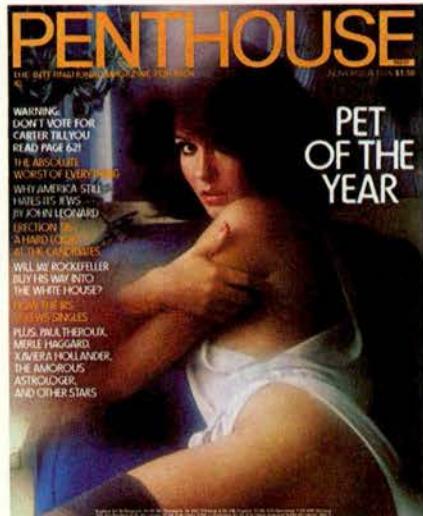
Amazingly, Hugh M. Hefner, mesmerized by his own self-image and ignoring his slipping newsstand sales, has chosen to remain aloof from the battles of the "pubic war." In fact, *Playboy's* cover shots seem to get tamer with each passing issue, and

rumor has it that the tit, the gland that made Hugh *numero uno* in the groins of men all over the world, will be banished from the cover soon. In the past year, the photo sets wedged into the advertising-padded interior of *Playboy* were remarkable for their timidity. They were shorter, fluffier and still accompanied by reams of hack-written, pseudo-orgasmic bunny babbble. Soft-focus techniques have been abused, and the emphasis seems to be shifting dangerously toward lingerie fetishism. Appalled by the unairbrushed groin, Hugh seizes upon the garter belt, and the reader dozes.

Playboy has attempted to compensate for its inability to compete on the pictorial level by going all-out on the editorial level. But only terminal fact fetishists could appreciate its lengthy exposé of the Nixon-Hughes connection and the assassination paranoia features. So, in a sense, *Playboy* is experiencing editorial overkill. No one would dispute the claim that *Playboy's* interview, fiction and articles are the best in the business, nor would they argue that the artwork has any rival in a domestic men's magazine; but can literature actually compete with labia?

Hefner has stated publicly that he will not "stoop" to compete on the level of explicitness. I believe him, judging from the latest issues of *Playboy*. Hugh is a loser.

\$1.50, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022



Ever since *Penthouse* hit the stands, its thing has been to one-up *Playboy* in pictorial "hardness." *Penthouse* went to pubic hair before *Playboy* and grabbed a million of its readers. Now *Penthouse* is deeply into the pink. This past year's issues featured open pussy for the first time, and in some shots a kidney can be seen dimly winking in the dark. Today's Pet remains a carnal creature, a veritable human heating pad oozing with whorish intentions and unspeakable fantasies. She is not the girl next door, and she is not a rabbit. The reader finds himself immersed in someone else's wet dream. In a blatant attempt to bring out the child molester in all of his readers, Guccione featured Baby Breese, last year's top wet dream.

Editorially, *Penthouse* has been hard core from the very beginning. The "Forum" section continues with its ravings from amputee fetishists, fetus-fuckers, toe-suckers, chicken-rapists and bisexual nincompoops. The media reviews and guest editorials are consistently good and always provide relief for swollen prostates after the reader has splattered the face of his favorite Pet. A few years ago, Xaviera Hollander was added to the stable to bolster the editorial appeal of the magazine. Her confessional correspondence with readers continues as she answers each plaintive plea with a cum-stained psychiatric slobber guaranteed to soothe even the sickest psychopath who is still able to scrawl a postcard.

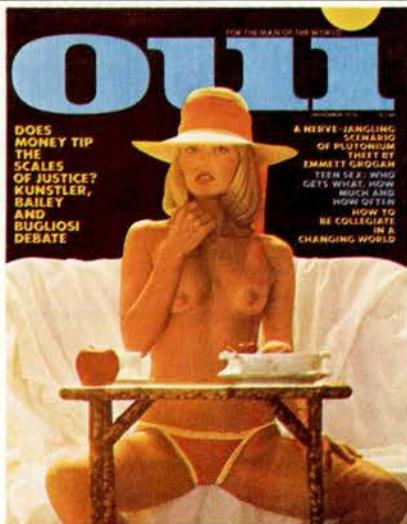
In recent issues, there has been an increase in the intensity of viciousness in the *Penthouse* muckraking articles: a detailed account of the sacrifice of American seamen for the sake of "peace" in the

Middle East and an article that linked American corporations with the Nazi war machine.

Penthouse has shown an ability to adapt and change to meet the demands of today's reader. In '76 a female managing editor had been added to the crew, Heidi Handman, recently of *Viva* and formerly of *Screw*. Handman's background indicates that *Penthouse* intends to explore and exploit still deeper layers of sensuous sewage in the future, and this bodes well for sales potential.

If these trends continue, Guccione can capture the liberal-leaning literates as well as the labia-lickers.

\$1.50, Playboy Publishing Inc., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611

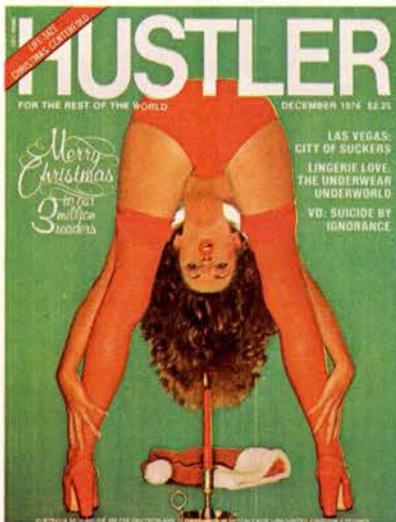


In the past year, *Oui* magazine has suffered from extreme editorial drainage. Larry Flynt has lured an entire herd of *Oui* men to California to put together *CHIC*, the debutante daughter of *HUSTLER*, and these stalwarts include Jean-Louis Ginibre, James Baes, John Lombardi and Jon Carroll. This crew was the nucleus of *Oui* and helped to give the magazine its literate, Continental flavor, a kind of bouillabaisse of broiled pantyhose, pharmaceutical cocaine and exotic asshole spiced with an unhealthy dose of androgenous, backstabbing gossip. You would think that *Oui*'s replacement staff would have a difficult time matching wits and tits with their predecessors, but nouveau nookie experts Nat Lehrman and Mark Zussman have done very well maintaining *Oui*'s original style and image.

Naturally, with its French Connection supplying the photos that have made *Oui* notoriously slinky, the new editors were loath to disturb this part of the magazine. Too bad, because what they have done is to bolster their "Openers" section, the best in the business, with a new "Who" section that merely adds more jet-set gossip to *Oui*. For this addition, and for the expansion of the

already pathetic "Sex Tapes" section, we pay the price of one full set of imported soft-core pictures.

\$1.95, Hustler Magazine Inc., 40 W. Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215



HUSTLER is the magazine that made the split beaver a household pet, and at the same time turned pink into a dirty word. Now Larry Flynt has made his fortune, fulfilled Germaine Greer's prophecy that "the cunt must come into its own," and opened up the men's magazine business as wide as a *HUSTLER* Honey's legs.

HUSTLER has seen a major overhaul in the editorial department. The mid-Ohio consciousness has been cross-pollinated with a taste of Manhattan mania with the placement of Bruce David as managing editor. Formerly head stooge and whipping boy at *Screw*, David brings a wealth of pornographic knowledge and editorial competence to *HUSTLER*, as is evidenced by the appearance of Charles Bukowski's writings in the November issue. *HUSTLER* should now be permanently rid of the hacks who attempted to appeal to some mythical image of the reader as a horny hick; it has opened up its pages to diversity as well as to pure dirt. From the warped West Coast, Dwaine Tinsley was lured away from the *San Francisco Ball* to become *HUSTLER*'s Humor & Cartoon editor, and almost single-handedly he has transformed *HUSTLER* from a dry heave into a belly laugh.

Humor is very important in *HUSTLER*, for without humor, the magazine would be dangerously demented. In the past year and a half, we've seen the first hermaphrodite photo spread, the first geriatric centerfold, the first pregnant pictorial, and you all know that if Larry Flynt had been unrestrained by lawyers and editors, he would probably have given us bestiality pictorials and a back cover featuring mastectomies and hysterectomies. With all of this extremism in pursuit of the erotic, it is

a godsend that *HUSTLER* has a strong sense of humor that is continually being developed, if not refined. Pee-pee and doo-doo still dominate the yuks in *HUSTLER*, but castration seems on the way out.

The aggressive competitiveness of Larry Flynt gives the magazine a sense of direction. He is constantly measuring *HUSTLER* against its rivals and outdoing them at their own thing. When Baby Breese was passed off as a 12-year-old tart in *Penthouse*, the October *HUSTLER* featured her and her asshole and gave her true age (20). Evidently, this meant a lot to Flynt. Does it mean anything at all to his readers? They would have bought the magazine anyway, mainly because it is still the most explicit magazine you can buy on the newsstand. *HUSTLER* has improved with each new issue, and it will continue to grow in sales if it remains editorially outspoken and pictorially unspeakable.

\$1.95, 1888 Century Park East, Suite 1606, Los Angeles, California 90067



If readers expect that Larry Flynt will try to outdo *HUSTLER* with gross vileness in this expensive and visually generous package of pristine pussy, they are wrong. Larry already has a lock on the bad taste and sewage market with *HUSTLER*, so he's headed upward and across the pond with his newest publishing adventure, and he's aiming at an entirely different type of reader. *CHIC*'s thing is class and quality, and it shines like the blown-dry pubic hair of a \$1000-a-night Manhattan call girl. The paper *CHIC* is printed on is so glossy and heavy that it can withstand repeated wettings without staining or wrinkling. Almost every photo in the premier issue is a full-bleeder, covering an entire page with the moist essence of imported foxiness.

The visual emphasis is so intense in this magnificently opulent package that it could very well become the erotic mainstay of illiterates throughout the world. Words are

at a minimum in CHIC, and the words that are there are handcrafted by editorial stooges pulled directly out of their plush offices at *Rolling Stone* and *Oui* by the promise of sharing some of Larry's loot. But the main thing in CHIC is the chicks. Rare, exotic and highly polished, there is no need for them to bare their buffed beavers and spotless sphincters to the camera. One look at their elbows or kneecaps will have the average male writhing like a laboratory rat in the throes of arousal and ultimate frustration. This is a magazine to watch—in more ways than one.

\$1.95, Fiona Press Inc., 919 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022



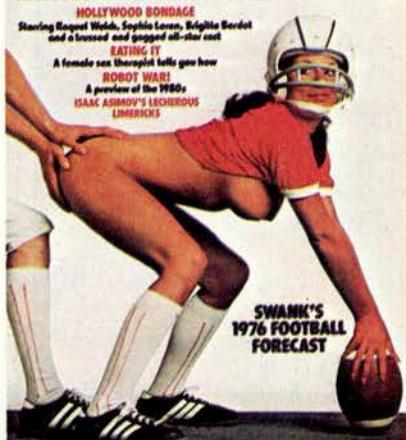
Club magazine's circulation has reportedly topped out at one million in 1976. The reason for this is that Club is an English men's magazine that has always reflected a fetish for the female posterior. However, emphasizing "bums," which is what the English call ass as seen through a thick London fog, is dangerous for publisher Paul Raymond in an era in which tastes run toward bisexual enemas, shit-eating and beavers stretched to the breaking point. The one million Club loyalists are the remaining handful of men throughout the world who can still get off on the tame sports of ass-watching and ass-pinching.

Tony Power, the demonic editor, is still at the helm, pumping out interviews with nonentities and filling space between Club's generous photo sets with stories and articles supplied by an underpaid crew of semisenile English hacks. Fiona, Club's resident jet-set sex analyst and exhibitionistic tramp, is still with us, spraying the pages with her own peculiar brand of dementia. If Power and Raymond don't update Club and make it bolder and more appealing to a new generation of readers, their magazine will wither away under the onslaught of the beaver brigade.

\$1.75, Swank Magazine Corp., 717 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022

SWANK

THE MAGAZINE FOR CONSENTING ADULTS



Swank now has a new editor, Ben Pesta, straight from the staff of *Esquire*. His arrival promises the Swank reader that the magazine will remain the most literate of low-budget men's magazines, and potentially, it means that Swank will open up to new writers and present more original works of fiction and fact instead of relying so heavily on reprints from current paperbacks.

Published by "Chip" Goodman, Swank is infused with the '50s vibe that beams from its hopelessly anachronistic title. In spite of girlie sets comparable to any of its rivals and an abundance of good things to read, you can almost hallucinate features like "Erika—the Sex Goddess of Stalag 19!" into existence as you thumb through the pages looking for Brylcreem stains.

\$1.75, High Society Magazine, 801 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017



High Society, distributed by Fawcett Publications, is exactly what I expected when Larry Flynt opened the cages of the human zoo and allowed the beavers to

scurry out into the street. A blatant rip-off of HUSTLER in almost every way, *High Society* came onto the scene in 1976 boasting a female publisher. In a matter of weeks, it was revealed that Sue Richards was nothing more than a face and a flat-chested figurehead: porn starlet Bree Anthony in editorial drag.

In its current incarnation, *High Society* features the editorial "whore's point of view." Nearly every piece in the publication is written by a porn starlet, and everything in *High Society* is centered between the legs. It is hard as nails, featuring finger insertion in the beaver shots. In each photo set, the girl is portrayed as a snooty society girl wallowing in the gutter for your personal pleasure. The captions are hysterical and a relief from the weirdly weak copy you've come to expect from *Playboy* and other men's mags that treat social climbing with deadly seriousness. *High Society's* "Silver Spoonfuls" section, its equivalent of HUSTLER Bits & Pieces, is mostly fabricated and seems like an excuse for dirty pictures more than anything. It remains to be seen whether this rag can outgrow the frenzy of editorial and pictorial self-abuse that marked its birth.

\$1.95, Cheri Publications Inc., 208 East 43rd Street, New York, New York 10017

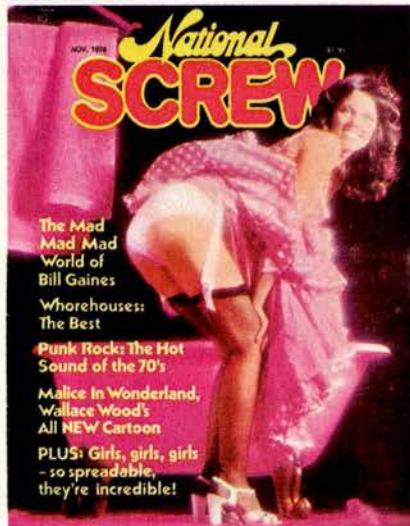


Cheri follows immediately behind *High Society*, so close that its editorial snout is deeply imbedded in *High Society's* hemorrhoidal hole. Like a pair of dogs in heat, the two HUSTLER imitators are shameless.

Cheri is even nastier than *High Society*, which restrained itself immediately after its initial issue. *Cheri* gave us pancreas-deep split beavers and finger insertions in its first issue, and then came up with a feature called "Angels with Dirty Faces," photo spreads that concentrated on the fine art of simulated semen quaffing. A definite first as far as filthiness, but in the confused context of *Cheri*, the impact is lost. This magazine is

totally scatterbrained in its approach to sleaze, claiming to be the "first national sex news magazine." All of the news items are right out of the imaginations of the staff. Peter Wolff, editor-in-chief and former boss man at *Gallery*, can take full responsibility. He has hit the skids with this atrocity. The writing in *Cheri* is basic baboon, the artwork classic chimp, and the photos are about as colorful as a gorilla's ripe rump. What there is to read in *Cheri* is hack work done under sexy female pseudonyms, or the babble that gurgles up from the deep throats of porn starlets like Kim Pope. *Cheri* is a witness parody of *HUSTLER*, and if this is the kind of ugliness that Flynt's magazine has spawned with its bravery, it is no wonder that he created *CHIC* and continues to improve *HUSTLER*. Anything to dissociate himself from this garbage!

\$1.95, Rorjor, Inc., 120 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey 07094



After an intense period of labor pains in Kansas, the godmother of groin, Al Goldstein, has finally given birth to the circumcised Son of Screw—the *National Screw*. This little bastard of a magazine is about half the size of its tabloid parent publication, costs more, is printed on semislick paper, and, of course, has all of the symptoms one should expect of offspring wrenched from the syphilitic crotch of porn. The symptoms, however, are only in the latent stage in the first few issues of *National Screw*, and compared to the weekly *Screw* the national version is tame indeed.

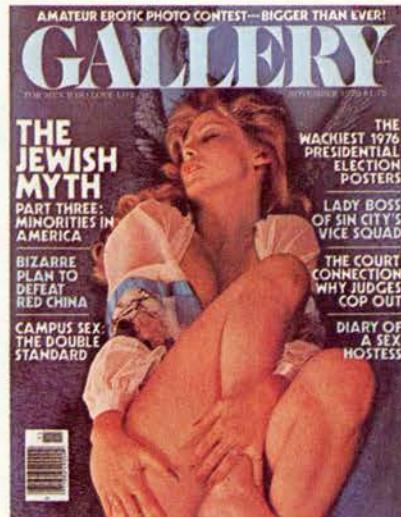
The girls in *National Screw* pose solo, and they are treated heavily with Vaseline and lingerie as opposed to the grainy, graphic and grotesque modeling techniques favored by Goldstein when he was restricted to the adult bookstores. For all the lubrication and fogged-up lenses, there's very little pink and not even the threat of penetration. No doubt this is due to the influence of publisher Lyle Stuart, one of the

Sultans of Soft Core, the man who brought America *The Sensuous Woman*.

Although there are no "breakthroughs" in pure filthiness in *National Screw*, it is a very readable magazine, and it compensates well for the lack of crotches with the generous editorial accumulations of John Kois and Mara Mills. Some material is drawn directly from *Screw* and modified to fit the new format. *Screw's* "Sexitems" section is called "Hot Type," and it is written by *Screw* staffer Manny Neuhaus. J. J. Kane's "Smut from the Past" carries straight over from *Screw* but now features color-tinted French postcards. Fiction by nationally known authors like Charles Bukowski and articles by Norman Spinrad, Lester Bangs and Larry Witchman along with a host of excellent and imaginative cartoons from a wide variety of contributors place the *National Screw* somewhere between *Oui* and the *National Lampoon* in sexual and cerebral appeal.

The emphasis on humor and the shift from trying to turn on the reader to trying to entertain him are the biggest differences between *Screw* and *National Screw*. Although he may have lost many of his horniest readers in the process, at least Al Goldstein has produced something he can be proud to show his mother.

\$1.50, Montcalm Publisher Corp., 99 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016



Almost all the *Playboy* imitators achieved instant oblivion after only a few issues, and most deserved their fates. *Gallery* is one of the survivors. It has hung on, and now it claims to have a circulation of one million. You might think that the constant switching of personalities in the position of editor would have kept injecting life into the magazine: *Gallery* chucked Peter Wolff after chucking its original honcho, legal whiz F. Lee Bailey. Then it had ex-*Genesis* man Stephan L. Saunders at the helm for some time, but he has recently been chucked for Nils Shapiro. However, *Gallery's* still the

same feeble fleshpot it has always been. *Gallery* boasts some original ideas, like their amateur erotic photos of the "girl next door," which are sent in by sadistic and exhibitionistic readers (and Flynt says it was his idea stolen through subterfuge), and they do give quite a bit of space to reviews of records, films, books and pop culture phenomena. But Christ, there is no point of view, no boldness, no iconoclastic bellowing, no trace of racy raunch. Maybe *Gallery* is the only men's magazine tame enough to be tolerated in the homes of a million henpecked men.

\$1.50, Genesis Publications Inc., 770 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10021

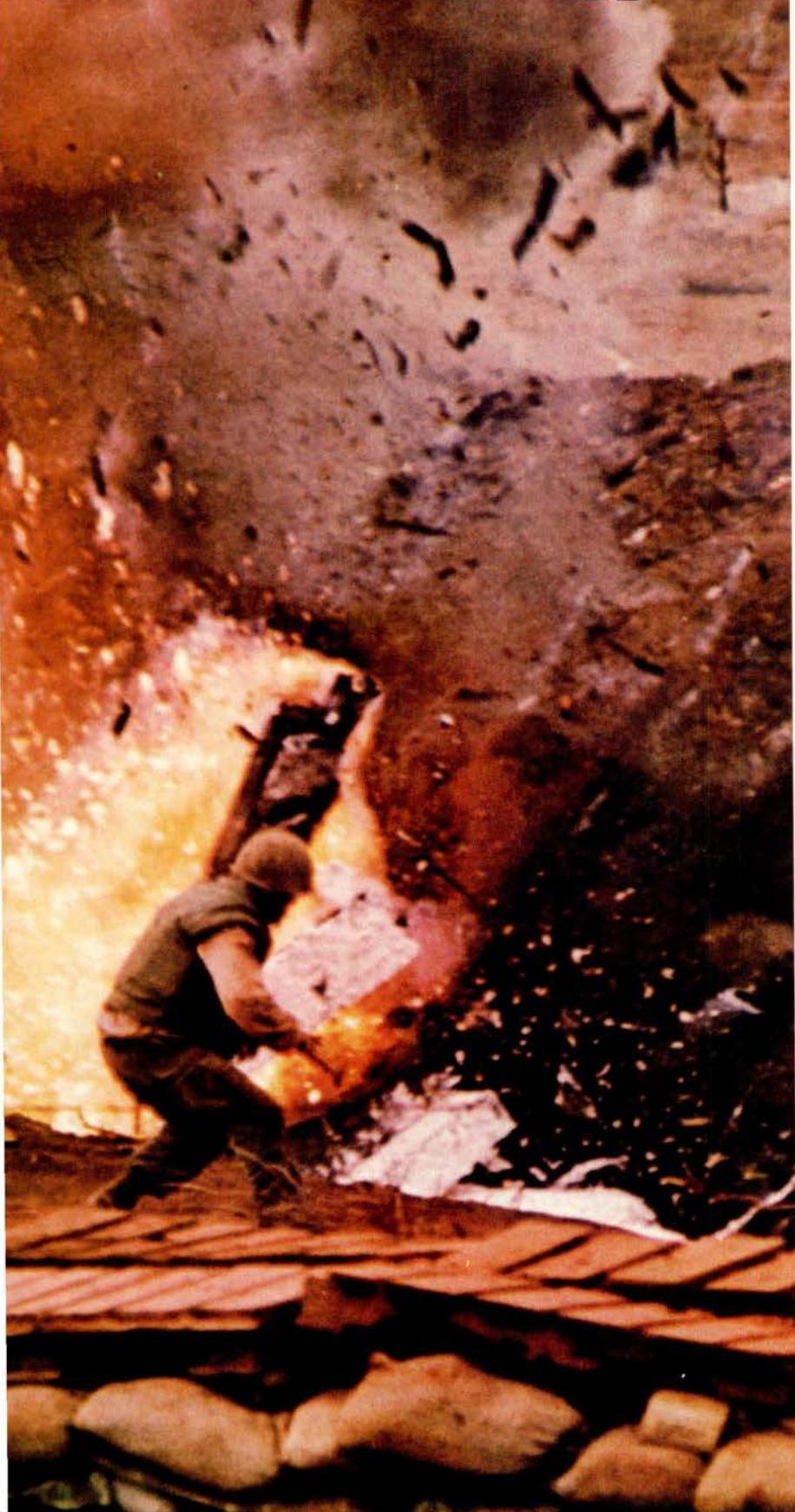


Genesis is another survivor. In this case, there's absolutely no mystery as to why this magazine still inflicts itself on the public consciousness. The reason is that Rocky H. Aoki, the mad mikado behind the chain of Benihana of Tokyo restaurants, which specializes in samurai-style sizzlers, still runs both the beaneries and the magazine. People can stop reading anything they want, but they'll never stop eating that tasty teriyaki. Rocky's chefs handle a hunk of beer-fed Tokyo beef quite handily, but the same cannot be said for Rocky's way of dealing with extremely rare cuts of domestic cow. The photos in *Genesis* are either charbroiled or served up in a pool of developing chemicals. Mostly, they are run-of-the-mill shots of chicks who look like they've been through the mill more than a few times. What the hell, Rocky could care less. Food and foxy women bore the bean curd out of this millionaire meatball from Japan; he gets his jollies from offshore speedboat racing. *Genesis* recently had a burst of publicity when they hired congressional harlot Liz Ray to cover the Republican convention in Kansas City. It seems fitting that the reporter Rocky sent couldn't type—fits in with the "hang loose" editorial ethic at *Genesis*. ☺

The Real Obs



cenity:



WAR

Comment by Larry Flynt

First off, let me apologize to those of our readers who have lost sons or loved ones in Vietnam. It is not my intention to stir up painful memories by printing these brutally frank photos. If there were any other way for me to make my point, I wouldn't print these photos at all. However, the fact is, I don't know of any other way to illustrate the lopsided value system in America today. It seems to be a value system in which death, violence and war are awarded government sanction while positive, life-oriented, human responses are officially censored.

It will be hard to look at the photos that follow because what they depict is brutal and ugly. On the other hand, millions of people buy HUSTLER every month because they like what they see. Looking at open pussy makes you feel good; looking at the body of a decapitated American soldier makes you feel sick. Yet these war photos are legal while HUSTLER photos resulted in indictments in Cincinnati and Cleveland on charges of obscenity. These indictments are intended to put us out of business. But, I ask you, who has been indicted for the obscenity of the Vietnam war?

The excuse for American intervention in Vietnam (after our troops were present as "advisers" for years) was the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. At the time, we were told by President Johnson that American ships in the vicinity of North Vietnam had been attacked without provocation, an event that could naturally be viewed as an act of war. In response, our troops were committed to a bloody conflict that would tear apart our country and set Americans against each other with such intensity that the wounds have yet to heal. The irony of it all is that the Gulf of Tonkin events cited by Johnson as justification for our entry into the war are now generally conceded to be fictitious: The American people were conned into accepting a war they never wanted or understood.

Richard M. Nixon—the man responsible for prolonging the war for years—resigned with full presidential pension and was pardoned for crimes aimed even more directly at the American people. It is commonly accepted by the political theoreticians and those who are in the know, that Nixon realized from the day he



Which would you pick as obscene?
GIs with their legs ripped apart or girls with their legs spread apart?

took office in 1969 that victory in Vietnam would eventually have to go to the enemy. He promised, you'll remember, to end the war with his "secret plan," and all of us now know what that plan was: to eventually hand South Vietnam over to the North Vietnamese. From the very beginning, he knew what it would entail to end the senseless carnage. But Nixon, always the shrewd politician, also knew the political consequences of such a plan, so he continued to send our sons and brothers to die until he won the '72 election. Like Nixon, none of the men responsible for starting and orchestrating a war that would eventually result in 50,000 dead Americans and the deaths of thousands more North and South Vietnamese has been indicted or called to account for their part in a war begun and continued by deceit. Now, I have to ask you: What is obscene?

There are those who say war is truly obscene, and I agree. It is obscene for grown men to murder women and children as did both the Viet Cong and our own GIs. Our friends, sons and brothers who killed and were killed were fresh from America's high schools and colleges, where they had learned to revere this country's highest ideals. We can understand the fear and confusion that prompted American brutality, and we can forgive it. But we cannot forget it. Killing children is obscene. Forcing America's young men into committing such crimes is obscene. Americans dying in foreign rice paddies to protect the interests of multinational corporations is revoltingly obscene.

However, there is something even more obscene: In the words of Nathaniel Hawthorne, it is "the unpardonable sin." And it is to lie. Lying, whether by commission or omission, can—in the long run—be far more destructive than a bullet or a bomb. The American people depend on the government and the press for the sort of information that allows a free democratic people to form opinions and exercise their right to influence American policy through the Congress and the president. The withholding or falsification of information by the government or the press is a most perverted moral crime.

In these horrifying photos there is raw information the press or the government never presented to us during the war: visual information, uncensored and unsoftened, about war in general and Vietnam in particular. More important, it is suppressed information denied to us through a conspiracy perpetrated by the government and tacitly executed by the working press. Obviously, the government didn't want Americans to know the bloody truth about



This is the true picture of war
the government hid from
America's eyes--a policy the press
tacitly supported.



Vietnamese soldiers, like this boy,
saw the war from a perspective
that was hidden
from most Americans.

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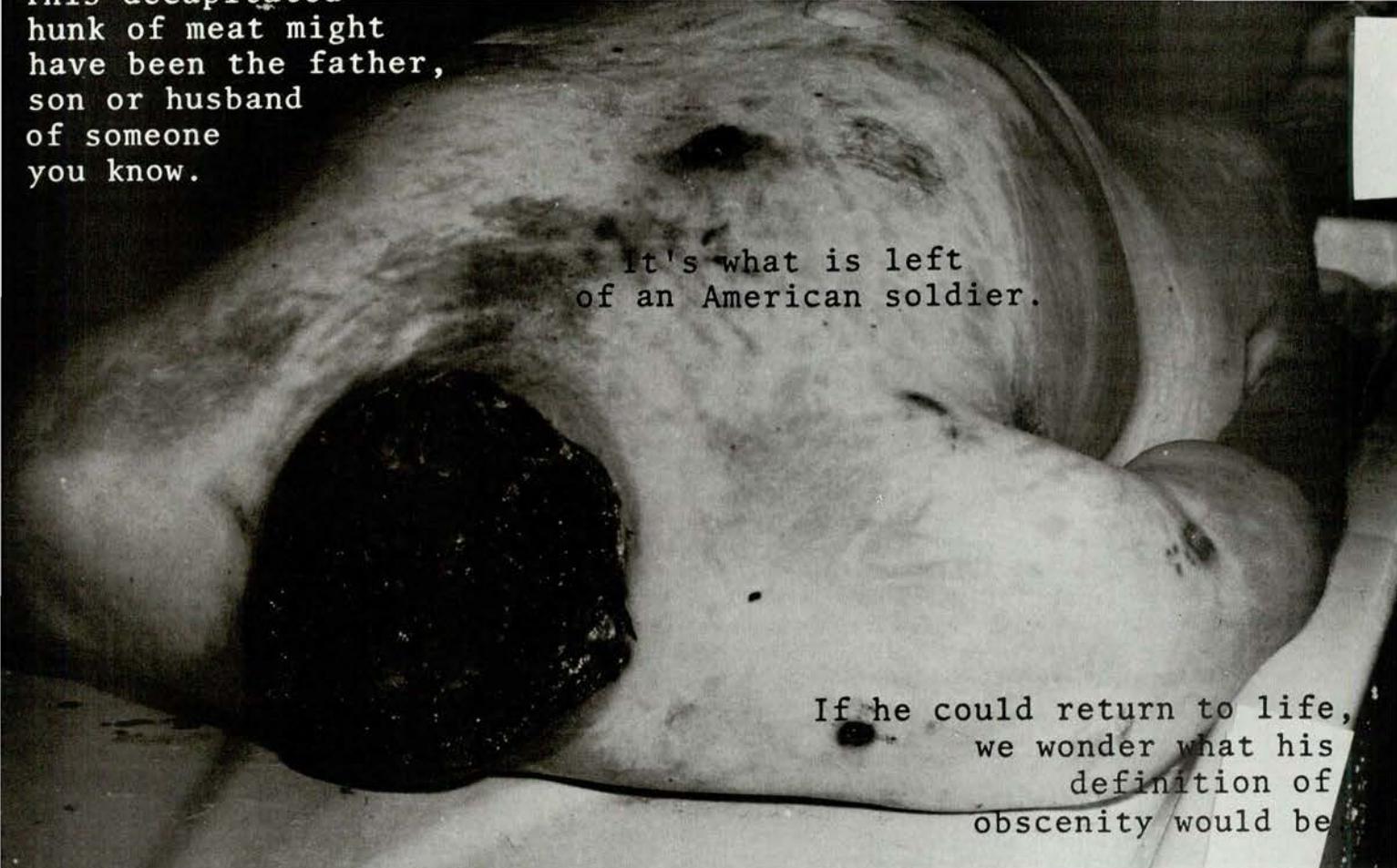
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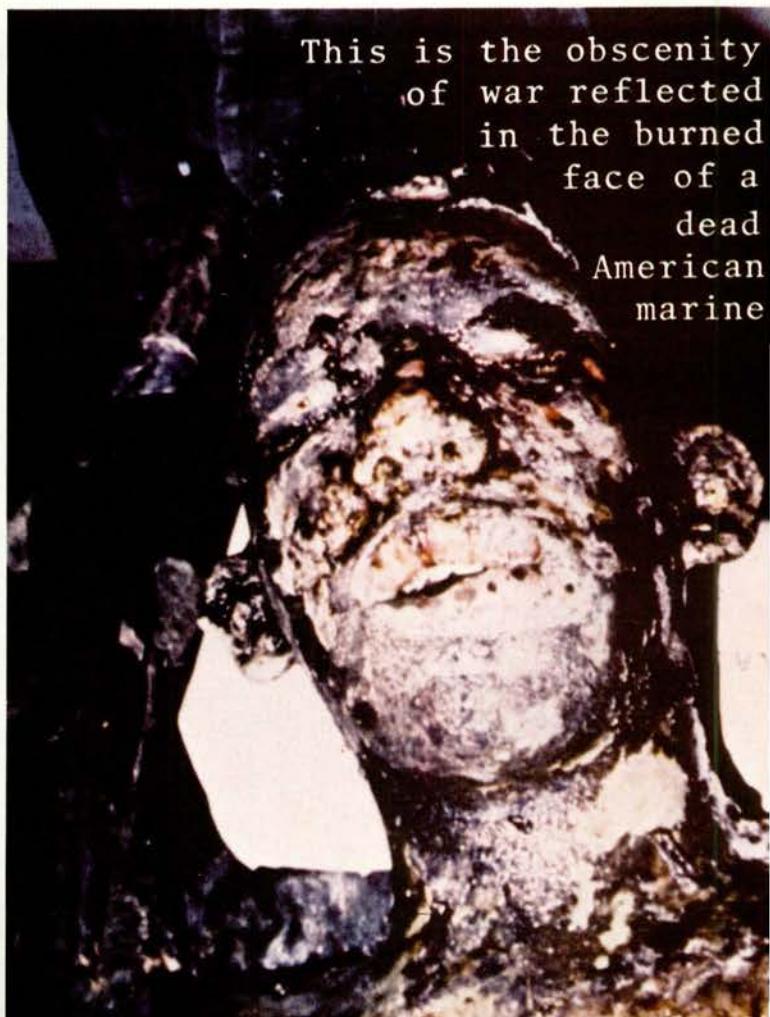
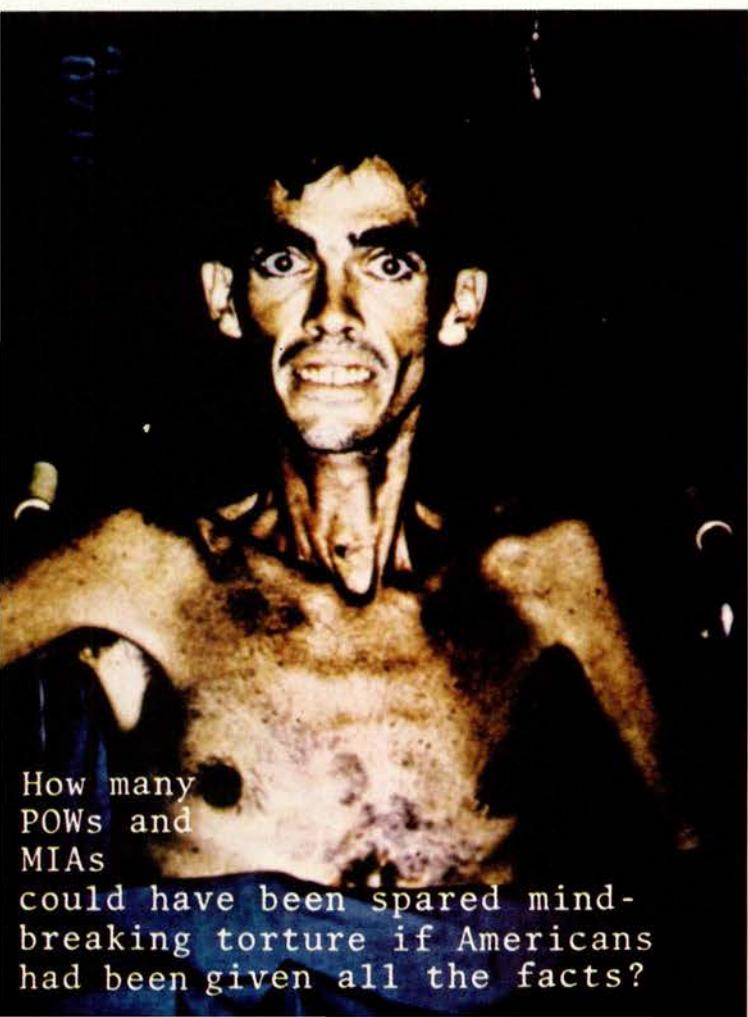
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THIS ~~decapitated~~ hunk of meat might have been the father, son or husband of someone you know.



It's what is left of an American soldier.

If he could return to life, we wonder what his definition of obscenity would be



the war being fought in Southeast Asia—photos like these might have dampened the spirits of the patriots whose gung-ho attitudes helped keep the war aflame for eight long years.

I believe the media lied to America by omission. The sad part is that the pompous assholes who control the media probably didn't even realize what they were doing. Like most people in comfortable positions, they found it easier to go along with the status quo than to think things through to conclusions that might prove unpleasant and result in the loss of a cushy job and perhaps even blacklisting. They believed they were not censoring; they were simply protecting Americans from needless brutality. In true doublethink, while boasting of the immediacy and impact of the visual image, television newsmen somehow managed to overlook the importance of showing this country the full ugliness of the Vietnam war: women and children blasted into eternity, Viet Cong guts spilling onto dusty streets and, most horribly, American sons splattered against walls, mutilated, decapitated and ignominiously dead. Not exactly the stuff that John Wayne movies are made of. If Americans had *really* known the bloody consequences, they might not have been so quick to send their sons to fight a needless war that couldn't be won.

However, we didn't see the reality of the war. We assumed the press was presenting us with the facts. After all, we have no laws against a free press. Nonetheless, I submit that a free press is a myth that is resurrected from time to time when a Woodward and Bernstein come along and kick up a pile of shit that results in some immediate cosmetic change. But things really haven't changed much since Nixon retired to San Clemente. The same power-mongers are still in control, using the same deceitful game plan. We applaud Woodward and Bernstein, pray for them, and regret only that they are not members of an army a million times stronger.

Iur government does not want a truly free press reporting on the real power machinations of politics or reporting on how we were manipulated into fighting the Vietnam war. They don't want you to know *that* any more than they want you to know about our real policies toward Egypt, Israel, South Africa, Panama or any of the other potential trouble spots on the globe. Nor do they want you to know how you are being poisoned by supposedly "clean" nuclear energy or by dangerous industrial chemicals, tons of which are released daily into our water and air. The release of such information would threaten government's



This woman should be making love to her man, not mourning over his mutilated corpse.

cozy and traditional links to the big, profit-oriented multinational corporations.

At the outset of the Vietnam war, I believe the majority of newspapers printed straight press releases with figures and facts—supplied by the Pentagon in ready-to-use newspaper style—virtually intact, without even the need of a cursory rewrite. The working press was fed government “facts” and statistics—and there were no questions. It was easy. And it remained that way until even the most gullible and accommodating Americans could smell a rat. By then, what was left of the first wave of troops had returned. And with them they brought the ugly truth about the war: War is Big Business, and this one

created newer markets for Coca-Cola, Arrid spray, Ford cars and breads that help build strong bodies 12 ways.

Don't get me wrong. I support the free enterprise system and believe it still to be the best system in the world. I'm concerned only that our government has now become so jaded and corrupt that our leaders seem to have completely forsaken the American people—the little guy—in favor of the giants.

For some time now, a complicated series of deceits has been undermining the American system. And people cannot be free when they are chained by ignorance and by lies. If the press does not transmit accurate, up-to-date information, your ability to participate meaningfully in this

democratic society is severely impaired. Photos like these have never been seen by most Americans. When I saw them, they made me sick. Sick and angry. I gave a great deal of thought to publishing them. Then I realized that it was my responsibility to do it. Overall, it won't endear us to you—or sell magazines. We expect this to make things harder for us, not easier. But we want you to know how we feel. We don't want to sell magazines at the expense of our own honesty. We leave that for the other, more fashionable, members of the media.

It is tragic, but most newspapers and magazines exist first and foremost to sell ad pages and to make money for the owners of the publications. So we shouldn't be too surprised that the press consistently fails to

This young boy is dying, and the man responsible for it lives in a plush seaside home in San Clemente. He was given a full pardon by the president, with little resistance from the press or the people.





If this
woman
were
alive and
healthy,
this pose
would have
hypocrites
screaming,
"Obscene!"



Many American soldiers
dream of returning
from war in glory.
Many return in
bandages or
plastic bags.



sound the alarm. Advertisers, huge corporations that can afford the multimillion-dollar budgets required for advertising in newspapers and on television, are powerful. Powerful enough to actively influence the presentation of the news. The result is fixed editing. It is a way of manipulating information so that it does not offend or embarrass the advertisers. That is exactly what the newspaper editors and radio and TV news programmers did during the war in Vietnam, and they are still doing it today.

I admit that I live very comfortably because of HUSTLER. But I must answer only to my readers, my staff and my conscience for what I publish. As a result, HUSTLER is a phenomenon that the government neither understands nor likes. The government actually seems to fear a major publication that answers to no one and that simply demands the guaranteed rights of the First Amendment.

Even if HUSTLER were not outspoken, its very lack of restraint would still make the government uneasy. But we are outspoken. We shoot our mouths off whenever we think it's appropriate and we don't give a shit if this makes enemies or eliminates advertising revenue. Our readers have shown us that their support can easily overcome the lack of advertising dollars. It pisses me off to see the American people spoon-fed public

relations garbage instead of the truth. We believe that Americans are adults who are capable of listening to *all* the facts in any given situation, all the arguments, and making up their own minds.

There has never been a powerful national publication with the support of millions of readers that has not to some degree or other been enmeshed in the power complex—until the advent of HUSTLER. Even *Playboy*'s modest battle against government corruption and the Vietnam war resulted in the harassment of Hefner, with the government using drug charges as an excuse. But *Playboy* had to eat the shit of advertisers, so it never really got too out of line. We don't take anyone's crap, therefore the attacks against HUSTLER are more intense.

We're being charged with undermining the moral fabric of American society. We're being charged with obscenity. And obscenity is nothing more than a political "buzz" word masking the real reasons we are being harassed. We are sexual pioneers and with few exceptions we encourage people to explore their sex drives, no matter how kinky or perverse they might seem to be. Upon expressing long-buried sexual desires, we often discover, to our relief, that they are shared by many others and that they are not so dreadful after all. On the other hand, if as human

beings we are saddled with antisocial sexual drives, ignoring them will not make them go away. Only the exploration and understanding of these drives can result in a better society. There is nothing obscene in the candid photos we show in HUSTLER. They transmit a type of visual information that is sexual. We think people are entitled to know about sex and to see women and men, and most importantly themselves, for the sexual creatures they are. Despite airbrushed, antiseptic and dishonest centerfolds, *Playboy* helped the people of the '50s adjust to their sexuality. The more complex sexual life of the '70s created a need for yet more information. And HUSTLER fills that need. My God, isn't it horribly true that many of us are just learning to really fuck for the first time? It's a too recent discovery for many of us that fucking is more than just "sticking it in and coming."

The American people need sexual information, both written and visual, not just to enrich their lives but to help them understand themselves in today's complex, high-pressure world. By trying to suppress this information, the government has made sex the political issue of the '70s. The publishers of sexually explicit material have traditionally been champions of the First Amendment, battling to prevent the govern-

(continued on page 104)

NUN'S TAIL

(continued from page 45)

black eyes leered at Monica with a mad satyr's gleam. Placing a beefy paw on her thigh, he gave it a squeeze.

"You got nice, fat thigh. Good for bearing children. You got nice ass, too," he growled. "Wotcha doin' wid him? He don't like goils. He likes old ladies, corpses. Wid money. You come wid me, dolling. I treat you good."

Larry suppressed an impulse to slug him, realizing that it would be too comical. Besides, the old faker would raise such a stink yelling bloody murder in that sandpaper voice of his that it would end with the police. The man was a professional agitator, and Larry had to think quickly to put him down. In a deep steady voice that carried almost as far as the old man's, Larry retaliated, "Everybody knows that you can't get it up, Karapanos. You were impotent before she was born. Besides, she doesn't like old men. How old are you? 75? 80? Your cock must stink like a rotten fish."

People were stiff with shock at adjacent tables, and for once in his life Karapanos was speechless. He glared with an expression of stupid malevolence. Then the old man recovered and rasped gruffly, "Aw, eat

yer mudder's pussy!" He turned to harangue new victims among the tourists, who huddled, stricken with embarrassment, like intimidated children, over their drinks.

"Who was that horrible old man?" Monica asked when they left. "He pinched my ass while you were paying the check. And he actually grabbed my tits in broad daylight!"

"A lousy painter," he told her. "A mean old man who fancies himself a genius and thinks that by hurting people he proves it. But all he proves is that he's nasty."

"He frightened me," she said. "So cold. And mean. He looks like he could kill."

"He would if he could get away with it. He turns up everywhere like a bad penny. He has it in for the world because he's untalented. The Hitler syndrome."

"What did he mean," she said, "about you liking—?"

"Old ladies?" Larry prompted. She nodded weakly, fearful of starting their first quarrel.

"Listen, baby," he said. "Do you believe me when I say I love you more than I've ever loved any woman in my life?"

"Yes, I believe you!"

"Before I met you, I never loved a woman," he said softly. "Many women loved me, or they loved my cock. I didn't care what they looked like as long as I didn't

have to go out and punch a time clock. It was a choice of losing myself in a soul-destroying, meaningless job, or to an easy and pleasant existence. In Paris or Rome, honey, there are some very rich bitches."

"Cheri, not another word," she said, kissing his hand and holding it against her cheek. "The only man I loved before you was Jesus—and frankly, he's no threat in the sack. Speaking of which—" He let out a surprised yell as she groped him in full view of some Greeks, whose jaws dropped. "We haven't fucked, you know, for about three hours."

"Well, let's go. What are we waiting for?" He grabbed her ass.

"Oh, God," she gasped. "I really have hit the jackpot."

She was the horniest woman he'd ever known, absolutely outrageous. She could never get enough. Back in the room he stripped down and found her ready on the couch, naked except for her black nylons, temptingly gartered at the thigh. He stood beside her with a pulsing hard-on, looking down at her madonnalike face and figure, like a Botticelli Venus. His balls hung by her cheek, and she rose slightly on one elbow, her mouth on a level with his erection. She began nibbling and tonguing his hard dick,

(continued on page 114)



THE EXHIBITIONIST

After a hard day pumping jelly into doughnuts at the bakery, Fran likes to go home and practice her dance routines so that someday she'll be a star. But she knows it's best to perform for an audience, so she flicks on the bedroom lamp, props the window open and begins to practice every step she's seen on "American Bandstand." "Someday I'll buy a stereo," she says, "but right now I dance to the music of my soul."

Photographed by Godfrey Richards

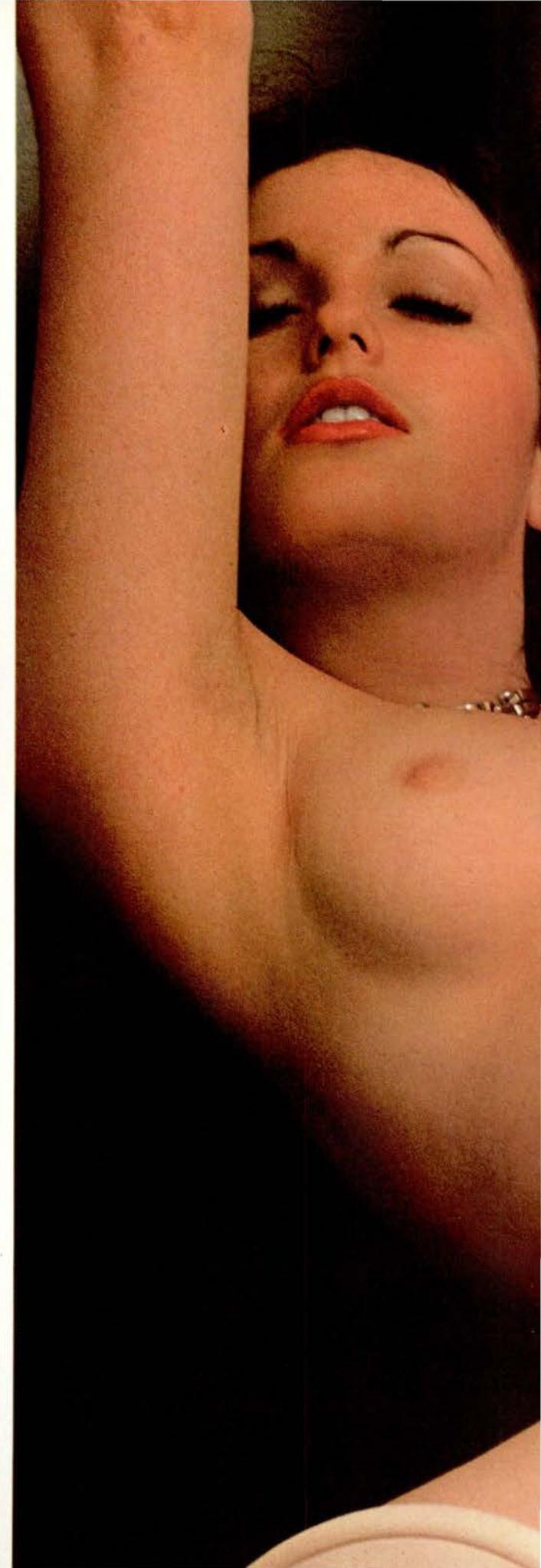


Fran wonders if her audience is up for her performance, if they appreciate the depth of her artistry. Does she excite the beautiful schoolboy across the street? Does the old man who hasn't had a woman since his wife died find her steps too modern? Would she be asked to monorail by the young studs who turn to watch when they pass her on the street? But by this time Fran no longer cares, experiencing an overwhelming sensation she can't explain. "It must be the thrill of dancing beautifully," she thinks, as she lies back to enjoy the climax of her throbbing act. Then she scans the darkened windows across the way for some sign of recognition, seeking approval, checking to see if the pizzeria on the corner is still open. Next she cleans off her makeup, does her yoga and prepares for bed.

The fag desk clerk from downstairs calls her room. "I thaw you in the window," he whispers, as she tingles, knowing her first performance is a success. "Cut it out," he continues, "ith bad for busineth."













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HUSTLER Takes a Look at Madison Avenue

Written by Stephen Sayadian

Photography by Kevin Sarnwick

Oh,
the advantages
of our
longer cigarette.

STUD 420's
They're in the box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS SLAYBOY?

A man who loves beating around the bush, but in the end, still gets right to the point. A spearheader by nature, and with a hearty appetite for a slice of life, he's always eager to tear into something fresh and different. With an innate ability to carve away at any problems that stand in his path, the SLAYBOY reader doesn't hesitate to sever any relationship that prevents him from reading his favorite magazine. FACT: A recent survey indicated that 50% of SLAYBOY readers eventually become butchers, matadors or culinary experts. If you feel drained of everything you've got, reach the man who's always putting new blood into his life. The SLAYBOY reader—a cut above the rest.

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London • Tokyo

If you don't know
what chain saw to buy,
let the pros
make the decision for you.



Production Assistant: Aaron Kass

CURTAIL®

For the pro and the man who wants
to cut like one.

Get a piece of the cock.



You've just finished preparing a surprise meal for a hungry man. Just when you're getting ready to reveal your tasty spread, he comes too soon and spoils the grand opening.

Sound familiar? Unfortunately, these days when it comes to sexual sense, too many women are walking around shortchanged. It seems all men care about is a quick slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am. And where does that leave you? Uptight, frustrated and bored with sex. In other words, your love life is something to store away in the closet next to the hot pants and miniskirts.

That's why more and more women are turning to STUDential LIFE to satisfy their sexual needs. STUDential LIFE has a complete female-servicing program that guarantees a climactic experience. Give us a call and a STUDential LIFE agent will visit you, right in your home, and make a blueprint of your erogenous zones.

Then the blueprint will be scientifically matched to one of our well-hung studs. Or, if you prefer, you're welcome to visit one of our stud stables and test-ride a penis before making a final decision. Either way, there's no need to worry about our erections. We don't skimp when it comes to size.

We think today's liberated female shouldn't have to settle for an inconsiderate man, the kind that spills his cream on the floor instead of pouring it into your cup. The next time your sexual appetite is craving for nourishment, contact STUDential LIFE. Our menu always includes a selection of erections prepared to perfection.



STUDential®

With a flick of the zipper
we're pumping to please.

Continuous performances at every table.



Sit down at Hari-kari and just moments later the show begins. Out comes a chef and presto—he turns your table into his stage.

You've never seen stakes, knives and skewers put

through such dazzling paces. Or tasted anything quite so mouth-watering. What more can you ask for? It's the only show in town that entertains and feeds you at the same time.

HARI-KARI of TOKYO

New York, Chicago, Lincolnshire, Ill., San Francisco, Las Vegas, Encino, Marina del Rey, Beverly Hills, Scottsdale, Ariz., Seattle, Honolulu, Harrisburg, Pa., Bala Cynwyd, Pa., Ft. Lauderdale, Miami, Portland, Ore., Boston, Bethesda, Md., Houston, Atlanta, Denver, Toronto, Tokyo.

We honor the American Express, Diners Club and Carte Blanche credit cards.

SEX PLAY

(continued from page 21)

favorite—a "69" between two girls—you're only doubling your chances of trouble. One streetwalker should be enough for any man to handle. Put two together and you could have a bandit combo that would overtax the "Six Million Dollar Man." The best bet is to find free-lancers who specialize in what you want and who advertise in sex tabloids or with carefully worded ads in the classified section of "legitimate" newspapers.

One final word: Whether dealing with an escort service or call girls, parlor chicks or streetwalkers, remember that they all have one thing in common: They are women, and women love to be flattered. If she has nice arms, legs, tits, skin or ears, tell her so. She may shrug or feign indifference, but don't kid yourself: *It registers*. A well-placed compliment, even with a hooker whose goal is to separate you from some bucks, can make the difference between a mediocre time and a memorable experience. So get out there and get some. And remember, team: instinct, respect and common sense.

Glossary of Terms

Around the World: an oral cruise of the entire body

B&D: bondage and discipline

English: spanking, caning, whipping, etc.

Fifteen and Five: When a hooker states two numbers in this manner, the first figure is for sex and the second is for a hotel room—both are negotiable.

Freak: Anyone who desires a service that the hooker considers to be abnormal. With some hookers, this can be anything other than missionary-style fucking.

French: oral sex

Golden Shower: pissing on one's sex partner

Greek: anal sex

Half and Half: oral sex followed by intercourse

Hooker, Pump, Chippy, Sportin' Girl: prostitute

Hot Lunch: sex play involving shit

John, Trick: customer

Pimp, Mack: procurer

Roman: orgy

S&M: sadomasochism or slave/master

Squeeze: straight intercourse

Trick: (See *John* above.) the consummation of a sex act for a fee, as in: "turned a trick"

TV: transvestite (If you think making it with a TV would bother you, be sure your whore is a woman. TVs can fool even the sharpest eye.)

Working: on duty and ready to do business as a prostitute

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

There will be a HUSTLER magazine as long as there is a marine corps to fight for the First Amendment.

Jerry Allan Hicks
Corporal, USMC
Address Withheld by Request

Everybody in these parts really got off on this beautiful thing of a cunt. I am stationed in Iwakuni,



Japan, and around here great-lookin' round-eye cunt is almost impossible to find.

All the fellows ask if you'd tell your July Honey "Hi" for us. We're all in love with her

Thanks so much for the very "cherry" gals, and keep it up. HUSTLER is what makes men out of marines!

Robert "Bud" Trimyer
DET-A MWHS-1 AMD (M/S)
FPO San Francisco, California

My friends and I are now serving an overseas tour with the marines in Japan. Most of us are addicted to HUSTLER. When I buy HUSTLER, I have a superhard time holding on to it. You'll see other magazines lying around, but a HUSTLER won't last ten minutes.

Our walls and lockers are all papered with centerfolds from each issue of HUSTLER from February 1976 to August 1976, and 17 of us voted on the best—Evelyn (July 1976) was our choice.

We decided to let you know how much we are



in love with your magazine and its round-eyed American women. But don't misunderstand us; Japanese women are nice, but they don't believe in butt fucking.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

TRIAL AND ERROR

I recently read your article on the Wichita obscenity case (*Screw on Trial*) in the October 1976 issue of HUSTLER. It was extremely well done, particularly since Bruce David has a rather unique and entertaining style.

For the most part, Bruce's characterizations of the participants and the proceedings were hilariously correct. By the way, I was speaking to Art Schwartz (Jim Buckley's attorney) the other day, and he is extremely grateful that you did not mention the fact that he's one of the few lawyers in the entire world who goes to trial in a leisure suit, patent leather shoes and a garish pinkie ring.

Paul Cambria, Jr.
Screw's Defense Attorney
Buffalo, New York

Man, I just got done reading the October 1976 issue, particularly *Screw on Trial*. I think Screw got screwed in Kansas! The judge and that bunch of ignorant jurors ought to have flaming straw stuffed up their asses for their unjustified "guilty" verdict.

Screw didn't get a fair trial. It was a setup by the damned government officials. Screw might be gross, but freedom of the press is the right of any American who believes in truth and justice! I hope we don't allow this kind of bullshit to go on. It really stinks!

R. W. P.
Holly Springs, Mississippi

I am an avid reader of HUSTLER, and I have a growing concern for freedom of the press. In school, we were always taught to believe in freedom.

If we really want to celebrate the Bicentennial, we might start by recognizing that there are some Americans who believe in the freedom to read HUSTLER magazine.

I'm on your side.

Suzie Bercier
Potsdam, New York

WAR

(continued from page 90)

ment from legislating morality. The battle is long running, and I personally can't think of a better one to endorse.

It's certainly better than endorsing a war that results in the carnage shown in these photos. We have been busted and banned for showing a warm, living, sexually demanding, open cunt. But how does this so-called obscenity stack up against death and mutilation? One of these photos shows a young woman burned to death. If she were alive and spreading her legs for us, it might be grounds for an indictment, but she is long dead, her image preserved in black and white. God help us if we don't all see that the human body is only obscene in violent death.

The newspapers that kept their oath of silence during the war are now remaining equally silent in the face of continued efforts to chip away at the First Amendment. The *New York Times* has printed very little about the travesty of justice perpetrated against Screw magazine in Wichita, Kansas, even though the decision, if upheld, could ultimately affect the *New York Times* itself by limiting its scope of coverage and making it vulnerable to prosecution for the most innocuous reasons.

The press has also remained ominously silent over S-1, a Senate bill that incorporated the ideas of former Attorney General John Mitchell (another architect of the Vietnam war). If it had passed, it would have totally castrated the First Amendment. Is it really coincidental that at the same time publications like *Screw* and *HUSTLER* are being attacked and prosecutors like Larry Parrish in Memphis, Tennessee, are using unprecedented legal mumbo jumbo to get convictions against performers like Harry Reems, a repressive bill like S-1 was being considered as law. This perversion of the First Amendment is truly obscene.

We have seen what the U. S. Government can do when it even slightly controls or influences the press, as in the Vietnam war. Information was withheld, but worse still, we were consistently and systematically lied to. To continue mustering support for the war, they lied to us for years about the strength of the Viet Cong—their casualties and our own. The way they juggled body counts and statistics is now well known. (In fact, photos such as these were difficult to obtain because the bodies of dead American soldiers were usually quickly removed in order to prevent morale problems.) The fact that their duplicity backfired on our own soldiers, with most tragic results, is perhaps less well known.

The most dramatic example of this came in 1968 during what is now referred to as the

Tet offensive. Bureaucratic functionaries, who were more concerned with promotions than the lives of the U. S. soldiers fighting the war, understood that their military bosses wanted to see only positive reports, so they did everything but completely ignore the intelligence reports gathered (at great cost in both money and human life) on Viet Cong strength. Their efforts to present the kind of data they knew their bosses desired resulted in American forces at Hue being caught completely off guard by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy that had surrounded them. The American forces were cut to ribbons in a virtual bloodbath. What more dramatic example do we need? Deceit is deadly, and the lack of accurate, reliable information can be far more hazardous than any truth.

I submit that the Vietnam war did more to undermine the moral fabric of this country than anything in its history. We indict the media for not living up to its responsibility to keep the American people informed in the first years of our involvement in the war. But the real indictment belongs to those who masterminded and executed a war that wasted lives for capital gain under an umbrella of deceit. These are the same moralists who feel they can define what is obscene.

If we could have it our way, there would be no more wars and no more carnage like that shown in these photos. But we live in a less than perfect world. In the future, if there must be war, let the American people have the information necessary to decide for themselves whether to become involved or not; in other words, let us decide our own future. If tolerated in any form, the suppression of information could result in the weakening of our free society and erosion of our moral fabric. War is obscene, but the real atrocities are committed by the moralists of this country, who presume to know what's good for all of us. We've shown you these photos in an effort to point out how withholding information prolonged the war and resulted in the real obscenity—the waste of human life.

We've been accused of obscenity by the architects and perpetrators who instigated and saw the carnage shown in these photos through from beginning to end. Again I have to ask: What is obscene? Truth or lies? Life or death? We all know the answer.

We're sorry if these photos have offended or upset you, but *HUSTLER* is not the cause of your discomfort. Blame the people who started and carried out the war. We know that the truth is not always attractive, but we firmly believe that the truth—no matter how ugly—is infinitely more attractive than deceit.



"...After all, Mr. Feester, how can we learn to cope with our wants and desires if we try to suppress them?"

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT

No matter how the new year turns out, you can bet that HUSTLER's intrepid beaver hunters will continue to fill these pages with everyone's favorite bit of wildlife, the beaver Americanus. We can't help but admire the dedication of the many amateur photographers who keep the HUSTLER Beaver Hunt going. Some of them spend weeks waiting for a chance to capture some fury feminine rascal in her natural setting. However long it takes to get the pictures, everyone finds the process exciting. If you think your lady is HUSTLER Honey material, you owe it to her—and us—to send in her picture.

Send a sharply focused color photo—no black and white photos, please—of your favorite model in the nude along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid as possible. Be sure to fill out the model release form on page 118. Send to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Photo by Dean Pridemore



Vicki Lynn is a Pecos, Texas, housewife. "Screwing and nature" turn this 20-year-old on, but she'd like to enjoy three men at one time or try posing nude for an artist.

If we publish your girl's picture, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and anyone who sends us photos receives a coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter license. If she's chosen as Best Amateur Beaver by a panel of degenerate HUSTLER staffers, your lady may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive \$750-\$1500 as a paid professional model. If you want to back a winner, mail in your lady's picture. It's worth it just for a booby prize.

Photo by Rudy K. Alflen



Fran Alflen is a 29-year-old part-time teacher, and she lives in Westbury, New York. Fran writes that she has no hobbies or fantasies, explaining: "I do whatever I want to.... No matter what!"

A 26-year-old housewife from Hendersonville, North Carolina, Ann Duncan says she divides her time between "reading, sex, the outdoors and sex!"



Photo by John Duncan



This is Meliza Banks, a 22-year-old go-go dancer turned computer technician. Meliza, from Irvington, New Jersey, likes horseback riding, tennis and collecting sexy books. She's into soft, romantic settings and dreams of one day making love in a bed of flowers to sexy background music.



Photo by Don M. Charles

Yvonne Hogue, a 25-year-old model, actress and exotic dancer from Pinellas Park, Florida, digs tennis, indoor gardening and sailing. She's waiting for an invitation to a cocktail party where everyone gets down with everyone else.

Photo by L. P. Anderson

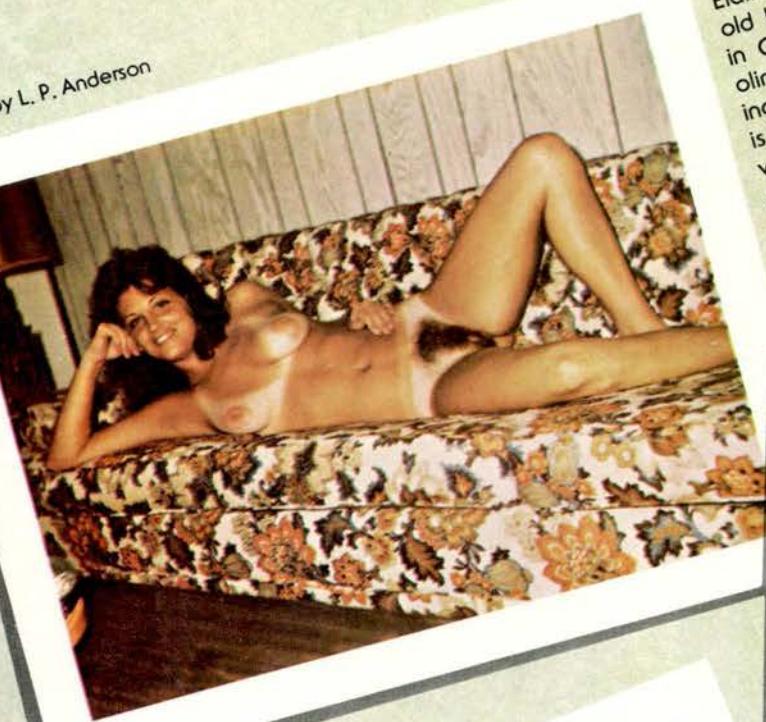


Photo by Roy Johnson



Wilma Johnson, 21, of Naples, Florida, is a housewife who likes to draw and sketch. She fantasizes about being a high-paid call girl with lots of powerful and wealthy clients.

Elaine S. is a 26-year-old housewife, residing in Charlotte, North Carolina, who enjoys sewing and painting. She is particularly turned on when her man goes down on her.

Photo by Eric Nichol



A 24-year-old bookkeeper from St. Clair Shores, Michigan, Claudia Sanderson enjoys bowling, swimming and gardening. But most of all she likes men "with long, rough tongues and large but gentle hands." You'll have to agree that Claudia is right up front.

Janice L. is a Jonesboro, Georgia, gal who plays chess and collects coins when her cashier's job allows her the free time. When it comes to sex, this 19-year-old tells us she's "always open" to new things.

Photo by James Ronan



Photo by E. H. Ellerbee

Cindy Nichols, a 26-year-old bookkeeper from Oroville, California, enjoys macrame, sewing and hairy men. Her hobbies include sex and "lots and lots of cocks."



Photo by James Ronan

Conni Arellano-Musser is a 24-year-old graduate student from Cotati, California, who enjoys Zen meditation and "sexual yoga." Connii writes that her fantasies revolve around "hair pulling and ice." Don't ask.

Caryn Larsen, 28, a housewife from Des Plaines, Illinois, keeps herself amused with needlework, gourmet cooking and painting. She gets wet thinking about a foursome with her husband, Marilyn Chambers and Xaviera Hollander.



Photo by Henry Tuchman



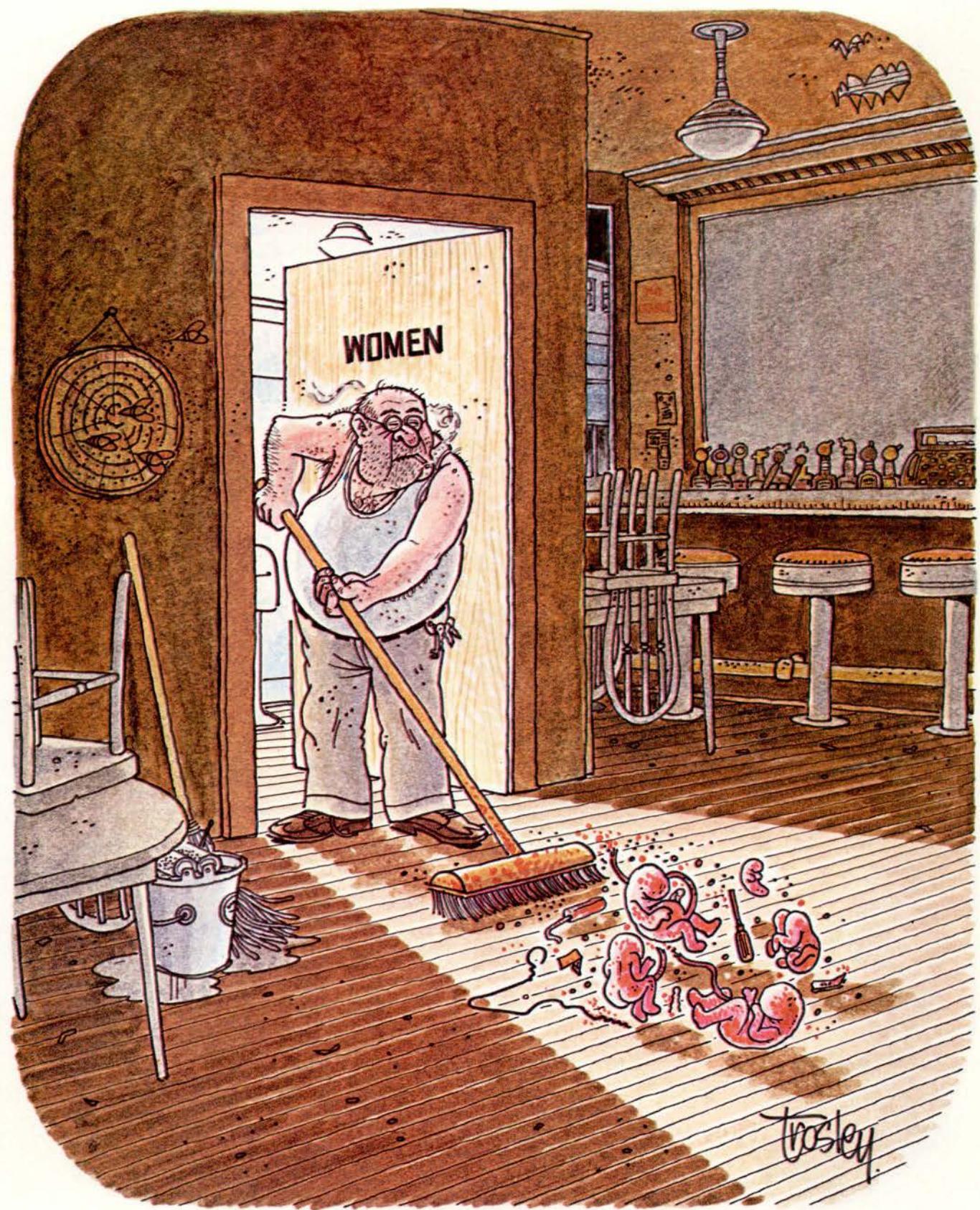
Photo by James Daren Turner

Photo by Michael Lovelace



Patti Gallagher, 18, is from Chino, California, where she works as a waitress in an Italian restaurant. A Dodger fan, she loves to watch guys at the beach, and the idea of "making it with a guy in a porno movie house" gets her hot.

Linda Williamson, 28, is a Virden, Illinois, data processing equipment operator and part-time bartender. She's into ceramics, crocheting and motorcycles. Linda writes "I'd like to give Larry Flynt a prolonged blow job while being photographed for a HUSTLER foldout."



DAVID ALLAN COE

(continued from page 75)

has always been that instead of saying, 'I'm a tough guy; I've been in prison 20 years,' he claims, 'my theory has always been that you motherfuckers had me in prison for 20 years, and I never done anything to be there. I think that is wrong, and I think someone owes me something for that.'

In a city like Nashville, where hype occupies a place somewhere between manna from heaven and Jack Daniel's whiskey, the revelation that David Allan Coe might not be a murderer after all had a genuinely bizarre effect. All of a sudden he had leprosy. His record company's commitment to make him the next superstar faded into the mists, along with all those natty friends in the press—although it is fair to say that calling reporters at four in the morning to insist that you're a crazed killer is hardly a path to social acceptance. Things were sure one hell of a lot easier when David Allan Coe was still a murderer.

The only person left talking about David Allan Coe being the next superstar is David Allan Coe. The all-girl backup band has vanished into the rock-'n'-roll end of the business. They were replaced with the shit-kicking Tennessee Hat Band. He's sent two of his three "wives" away and is thinking about marrying the third (two weeks after our talk, he did exactly that). He's in hock up to his ass and there's still that million-dollar lawsuit in Houston: "So here's this heckler in the crowd and he's trying to impress the little chick he's with, so he's throwing shit at me all night long. I just sat there and put up with it. Finally, I told him, if you do one more thing, I'm going to punch you in the mouth. He jumped up and did all this [karate] shit—KILL!—you know, like he was going to fuckin' waste me. So after I kick his ass, he wants to sue me."

He remains the nemesis of journalists everywhere. The proposed author of the *Country Music* cover story climbed on a plane back to New York City, that bastion of sanity, after a few hours with the baddest cowboy in the world. The writer for *New Times* filled his story with portentous intimations of violence, capping it off with a near attack by crazed Outlaw motorcyclists as David Allan looked on. "It's not impossible," says a Coe associate. "A lot of weird people—including writers—show up for David Allan's show."

Esquire, as befitting its image, fared a little better. "Yeah, that guy from *Esquire* was pretty nice," says one of David Allan's Tennessee Hat Band members. "We had a party after the show, and he came along. So to be neighborly and all, we gave him a

couple of Quaaludes, a bunch of cocaine and put two groupies suckin' on his dick. Along about five A.M., he comes out of the bedroom looking like death and says, 'See you around.' We thought he was going back to his room to get some sleep. He went straight to the airport. But a nice guy."

David Coe's not out of the fire yet, but maybe he's perfectly happy sitting there, fanning the flames.

"I've sang about things that no country and western singer has ever sang about," he says, and that's the gospel truth. He has taken country music where it has never been before, perhaps where it would not ever care to be heard.

"I had a line in a song that I couldn't get anybody to do—'She was warm where I touched her and wet where I loved her.' I couldn't get anybody to touch it," he says, laughing now. "Got to be positive, they said. It's got to be real positive. I thought, wow, man, life isn't like that."

Virtually singlehandedly, he has also brought a sense of high comedy to country music. In his stage act, he parodies himself just as he mimics other country stars. David Allan Coe can look at the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy and laugh and make us laugh along with him. He can look at his own situation, which isn't, by any stretch of the imagination, all that spiffy, and lampoon

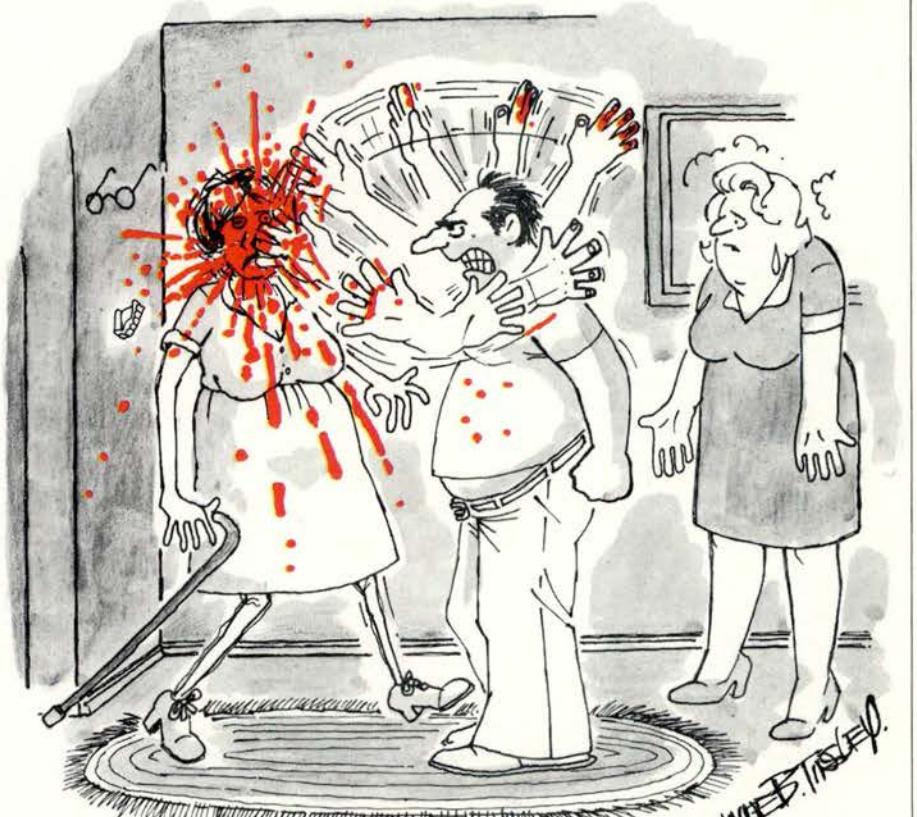
it with a new song like "You Wonder Why I Lost My Sense of Humor."

In the rush to dissect the Mysterious Rhinestone freak show, the biggest casualty has been the music of David Allan Coe.

"I don't think people really listen and really look," he says quietly. "Surface is bullshit. That's why I wear a mask onstage. That's why I wear rhinestone suits. I don't think none of that is important. If my face was important, I'd just come up here and have a bunch of spotlights shining on it and sit on a fuckin' stool for an hour."

We're well into the afternoon, and David Allan is as restless as the proverbial whore in church. He gets up and dusts himself off, which doesn't help a bit.

"I was talking to Jerry Jeff Walker," he says, "and Jerry Jeff says we ought to do a gospel album and really fuck everything up. Goddamn it, Michael, I don't understand."

He stops and manages to look just plain bad. The business, he says, is dehumanizing, and David Allan Coe has been dehumanized. In fact, he says, David Allan Coe really doesn't exist, and without any further explanation, the man who doesn't exist is on his way back to the hotel, across the parking lot. On the sun deck, the girls stare, whisper and giggle. "Damn Near as Big as Texas," his T-shirt reads. The adjustable wrench slaps against his side. 

"Honestly, Charles. Why can't you and grandmother get along?"

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be approximately nine typed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

Vietnam Massage: Not the Same Old Shit

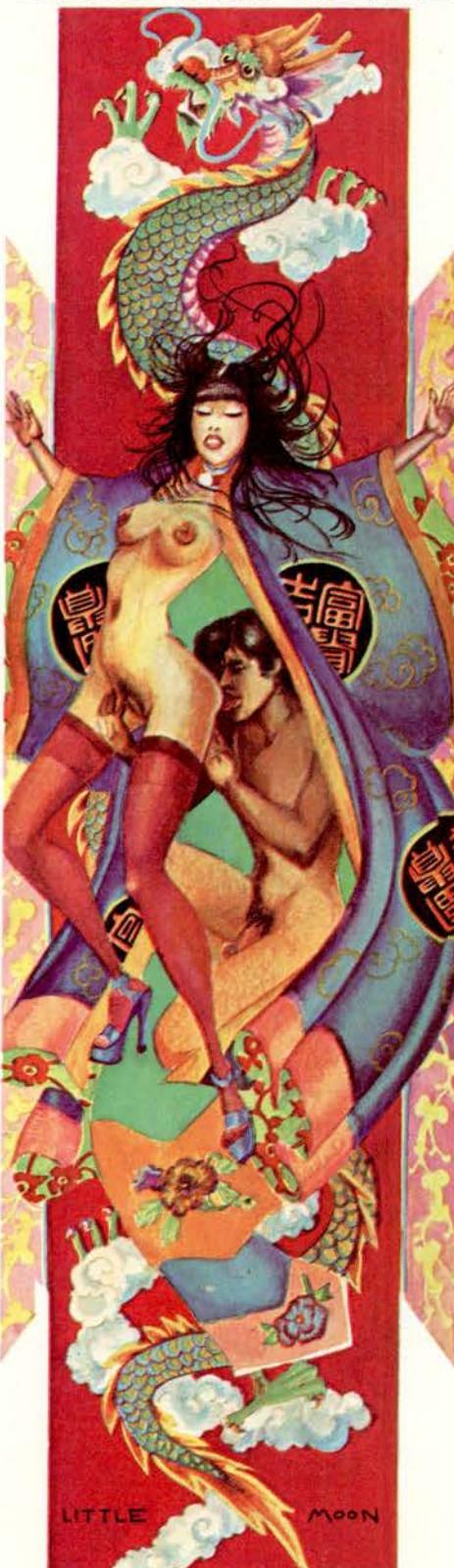
by Doug Glass

The name of the place was "Kim's," an unobtrusive building near Tan Son Nhut Air Base, Saigon. The place opened at six A.M. and closed at ten P.M., the hours when curfew was not in effect. On entering, you stepped down two small concrete slabs into a rather colorless room. Chairs were positioned along two walls and directly ahead was a high desk. Kim was always perched on a stool behind it, smiling and greeting her patrons. She was a good-looking woman, probably in her late 30s, who never fucked her customers—literally or otherwise. She would get you a beer from a cooler (American brands, of course), carry on a conversation in fair English, or hustle up a girl. She was a very nice madam who was just trying to make as much money as she could before she lost her good looks. She had started her massage parlor, rounded up some girls, and was an instant success.

The standard procedure was to have a beer, select one of usually eight to ten girls lounging around the reception area (or wait for a particular one to finish her trick), pay Kim for a massage (you paid the girl for a hand job, suck or fuck), go with the girl down a hallway to a large shower room, clean up, then enter a sauna bath and sit until you couldn't take the heat any longer (or were just so hot yourself that you wanted to get into that girl waiting outside). Then you followed her up a flight of stairs to her stall. The second floor was actually one huge room with a long hall down the center. Off this hall had been built several cubicles, about six feet wide and 12 feet long, with eight-foot walls. Over this loomed the ceiling, another ten feet above the walls. Each cubicle contained a narrow platform on which rested a thin mattress, a miniature makeup table and clothes rack. The third floor was a living area for the girls.

I had been introduced to Kim's by a friend and went there periodically to seek relief from my humdrum workdays. I chose various girls, finding some who did a pretty good job of pounding my flesh (with their hands or by walking up and down my back), and some who did admirably as I pounded theirs. They were all pretty and young and usually had sparse pussy hair (the ones

KINKY KORNER



with real bushes, they say, come from North Vietnam or Cambodia).

One day I noticed a beautiful new girl sitting off to one side. Her beauty was so captivating that I paid Kim the usual price without even slowing down for a beer. The girl took me through the cleaning-roasting pit, but I didn't dally this time. I followed her up the stairs, watching her swaying hips and wondering how long she was going to take with the mandatory massage routine. We entered her cubicle, and I quickly removed my uniform. She directed me to lie on my stomach, used her hands to knead my body, and then motioned for me to turn over. She massaged my front, but she skipped over my cock, which was starting to rise in anticipation, and moved to my legs, then back up, and touched my cock lightly. She asked if I wanted any other services. I told her I wanted a straight fuck, and we settled on a price.

She removed her dress, panties and bra, revealing a dark bronze body with large, dark areolas on her tits, and in the center were hardened brown nipples, elongated and blunted. She climbed onto the rack, and as I kissed her she ran her little tongue into my mouth, slowly flicking it in and out. I ducked down and started licking and sucking those tits, wrapping my tongue around a nipple as it extended even farther out. She might have had a male's chest, flattened out as her tits were, except that there was a small roundness sloping at either side. I gently kissed and bit those tiny mounds with their dark nipples, enjoying the pleasant taste.

As she lay there with her eyes closed, I moved farther down and dwelled upon her almost bare pussy. Her clit was hardly noticeable except that the inner lips converged on a tiny knot. I licked that knot, feeling a great pleasure as she reacted by reaching down and spreading her cunt lips apart to give me better access. Now her whole inner surface was revealed for the benefit of my lapping tongue. I licked down to her cunt, sticking my tongue as far in as it would go, moved back to her clit, replaced her hands with mine to spread the flesh and allow me to suck her clit into my mouth, swirling it around, sucking it, licking it, and very, very carefully biting it while touching the knot with the tip of my tongue. She held my head, directing my movements with her hands. First it was on the left side of the clit, then the right, and finally my lappings started below that point and went up over it, sweeping past her hardened clit. Meanwhile, I looked up for some emotional sign to indicate pleasure, pain or rejection. Her face remained inscrutable until I saw a thin smile break the surface. Her little

mounds started jiggling as she began to move her head back and forth as if she were telling me that she disapproved of this whole thing, yet asking that it continue forever. My tongue grew tired, and I sensed that it was no longer a part of me—it was her slave to do with as she wished. My cock, crammed between my stomach and the mat, was as hard as her nipples. I needed to get inside her and feel that satin skin around my prick. I pushed a finger into her soaked cunt. I finger-fucked her for a while, slowly at first, then increasing the tempo, watching her head movements increase. That same small smile was there, but I noticed a trickle of spittle oozing out one side of her mouth. I could not wait any longer. I moved over her, looking down to position my cock into her cunt lips. She looked down at my steel-hard cock and gave out a sharp gasp. I'm not bragging, but I have run into some girls who wanted absolutely nothing to do with it when they realized its dimensions—the damned thing is over nine inches long and very wide. I thought, oh, no, she isn't going to refund my money and turn me out, is she? I decided I would at least get a hand job at a reduced rate.

But she had her own ideas. She rolled over, rose up on her knees to wave her ass in the air while her head remained on the mat. I crawled into position and, leaning slightly back so I could see my cock as it entered her pussy, pressed it to her bare entrance. "No," she hissed. "Put in ass!" I had never fucked a woman that way, and it sounded like an interesting novelty so I moved my cock up a notch and, spreading her ass cheeks, tried to enter that little brown hole that seemed so out of proportion to my huge cock. There was no way it would go in. She reached over to the table and passed me a jar of Vaseline. I spread it around her brown eye and all over my cock. I again opened her cheeks as wide as possible, and this time I got the head of my cock into that tiny opening. God, was it tight! I pushed it in another inch, then another, until I was in as far as her cheeks allowed me to go. The feeling was indescribable because of the tightness, the novelty of it all, and a sense of violating some unwritten moral law. I reached under her and grasped a little tit, rubbing my hand back and forth over it while with my other hand I began tweaking her clit. I started fucking motions into her ass and entered her cunt with two fingers. The sensation was remarkable. I could fuck her in both holes and feel my cock going up her shit chute, then out to the head, then back in again. I could not last very long under these circumstances so I pounded into her rapidly with fingers and

I was between her thin legs as she stretched herself on the wall and climaxed again.

cock. I swear she either reached orgasm, or she did one hell of a good acting job. She was shuddering like a leaf in the wind as I spurted juices into her ass, as deeply as I could go. I held that position until my cock came out, making a little popping sound as it left this newfound love chamber. We collapsed beside each other and lay there until we were relaxed. I had almost fallen asleep when she shook me and said we had to get back downstairs. We dressed and returned to the shower, where I washed off my cock in a sink. Surprisingly, there was little indication that it had recently been in an asshole.

Whenever I went to Kim's place, she asked if I wanted the same girl, something she had never done before. I always said yes, and she would send for her. I seldom had time to finish a beer before she would materialize at my side. If she had been with a john, she must have finished him off quickly.

I have no idea why she preferred ass fucking. Perhaps she didn't want me stretching her pussy (her husband might not have approved). Or perhaps she fucked everyone this way. Or maybe she loved a large dick in her ass. Whatever, the price was always the same, and she was always happy to see me. She gave me her picture, something almost unheard of among the prostitutes in Saigon. I went to her regularly, never taking another girl—at least not at Kim's place.

One day disaster struck. I had gone back to Kim's to sample more butt fucking. We had gone through the usual preliminaries, and when we got to her cubicle we both disrobed, and as I sat there, she stood between my legs. She kissed me, reaming out my mouth. Then I reamed out her ears as I kneaded her ass. She grew excited and indicated that she wanted my cock up her ass immediately. Getting into her usual doggy-style position, she passed me the Vaseline, and I applied it to her. This time, however, instead of shoving in my cock, I parted her cheeks and slid in two fingers. She was a little surprised but said nothing,

sliding back onto them. And then I began sawing in and out of her, letting my fingers come completely out of the opening, then reinserting them, faster than I could with my cock because I had a tendency to come pretty fast when in that tight cavity. She was panting now, moving her ass back and forth onto those fingers, establishing a rhythm of her own. I beat even faster into her, and she rose up on her hands, choking, gasping and grunting. She seemed to climax, trying to rotate her ass in small circles, pushing against my fingers, which were moving madly in and out of her, and all the while she was making noises that clearly did not belong in a whorehouse, especially from one of the girls. Heaving and grunting, she moved to the wall at the head of the bed, and much to my surprise, started raising her body up the wall until she was on tiptoes, my fingers gyrating into her ass. I was beneath her now, between her thin legs, and as she stretched herself on the wall she climaxed again with an immense shudder. In the release of her huge orgasm, I felt a great force upon my fingers, pushing them out of the hole. I found myself being inundated with a vast flood of watery shit. The stuff sprayed my face, head, arms, chest and upper part of my legs. I wiped the stuff from my eyes and looked to discover that the girls from the other cubicles were standing on the beds and were watching us in great apprehension. My girl saw them and dropped back to the mat, and the girls disappeared. She was so upset over the whole situation that she quickly wiped me off with towels, led me downstairs, passing other customers who leered at her nakedness—until they got a whiff of us. In the shower room, she washed me down, taking care to give my body a thorough soaping. When she finished, she seemed to realize that I had gone unserviced while she had had an earthshaking orgasm. Dropping to her knees, she took my soft cock, balls and all, into her mouth, sucked them and then proceeded to give me an excellent blow job. When she had sucked everything out (including my guts, I felt), she gave me a smile, helped me dress, said how sorry she was, wished me well and gently shoved me out the door.

The end result was two satisfied people. She explained later that she had never felt such emotions before. And naturally I was pleased to hear this, especially since I had been so thoroughly satisfied myself—and for free. She had simply forgotten to ask for payment, probably because we skipped the massage.

It was an unusual experience in a war-torn country that I am pleased to share with the readers. ☺

NUN'S TAIL

(continued from page 90)

running her fingers along his balls and manipulating her clit at the same time with her other hand. He placed his hands on her soft, silken, yellow hair and grunted with pleasure.

"Suck it. Suck daddy's big, hard cock!"

The dirty talk excited her. She gulped the purple head deep down into her throat as he placed both hands on her tits and fondled the erect, sensitive nipples, gently rolling them between forefinger and thumb, plucking them, teasing them. "Suck me off, bitch!" He shot his load, and she gulped it down, climaxing as she fingered her clit.

She moved into his tiny room, but after several weeks it became painfully apparent that it was too cramped. And the smoggy summer heat grew intense as more sweaty tourists arrived. Larry could not stand the sight of them or the greenish orange chemical haze and dust that discolored the Athenian air. So they decided to spend the summer months on the islands, where they had never been.

Skyros, he had heard, was a strange magical island off the beaten path in the Northern Sporades, visited by only a few tourists. It was also said to be dirt cheap. It

seemed just the place. The trip was a long one, involving several changes by boat and, on the island, by bus. The upper mountainous part contained the white-sugar-cube-style houses of the village, but they sought and found lodging below, where there were some scattered beach cottages. They descended by bus to the vast stretch of dazzling sand, over which they trudged a mile to find a cottage with two rooms, ridiculously cheap, only a few yards from the flat, blue Aegean Sea. Near the cottage stood an abandoned old mill, the stone bleached gold in the strong light, and beside this lay a golden pile of gigantic old blocks of stone they immediately christened "the Aztec ruins." Caiques were moored nearby and occasionally one, bearing coppery old fishermen, chugged by in the shoals.

On their first night, they found the small bedroom hot and stuffy. Outside, a slight breeze stirred and in the night sky trillions of stars glittered. The next day on the sand, under "the Aztec ruins," they spread a beach towel and licked each other's genitals while the waves lapped the shore.

They exulted over their little haven, admiring the morning glories and muscat grapes ripening in the sun. Snapdragons and sand lilies grew in rich profusion everywhere. They gobbled the grapes and kissed outdoors in the nude like classic

figures in an ancient frieze. They couldn't believe their good luck—alone in a simple Eden, undisturbed by the outside world. It was timeless, eternal. They thought they would never wish to leave.

For nearly a month the idyll was perfect. Every day they discovered a new place on the beach where they would hole up in the dunes, after a swim, and fuck like primitive sea creatures, wet and gleaming. She'd cry, "Ooh, you're getting a hard-on! You look so dark and beautiful, like a sea god! Suck me off, Cheri, quick!" And he would go down on her salty, wet pussy, which tasted like anchovies, he said, a delicious hors d'oeuvre before the main course—a piece of ass. He turned a deep nut brown while she remained astonishingly white, having to wear light clothes and smear her body with creams to avoid the slightest burn. She could not stay outdoors very long in the blazing sun. But neither could she bear to be separated from him. She would grab his cock as they lay on the sand, white sails flashing in the distance on silver glints of water. "I like your cock even when it's soft," she'd murmur. "It's like velvet. It makes me feel connected with life. Besides," she added appreciatively, "it's the only thing that stands between me and the Boston Strangler. Haven't dreamed of him since we met."

However, as the weeks passed he became somewhat tense and irritable. An inflammation of the prostate, which had bothered him in Athens because of their sexual excesses, returned to haunt him with a gnawing sensation that grew worse with every erection. He grew moody, uncommunicative. One day, while he was fishing for pebbles, which glistened like precious gems under the water, a young Greek boy passed and stood for a while staring at Monica. He was exceptionally beautiful, a rare type anywhere; surely Ganymede must have looked like this, with his dark curls, red lips and golden complexion, his cheeks like satin roses, thought Larry. He could not have been more than 15 years old.

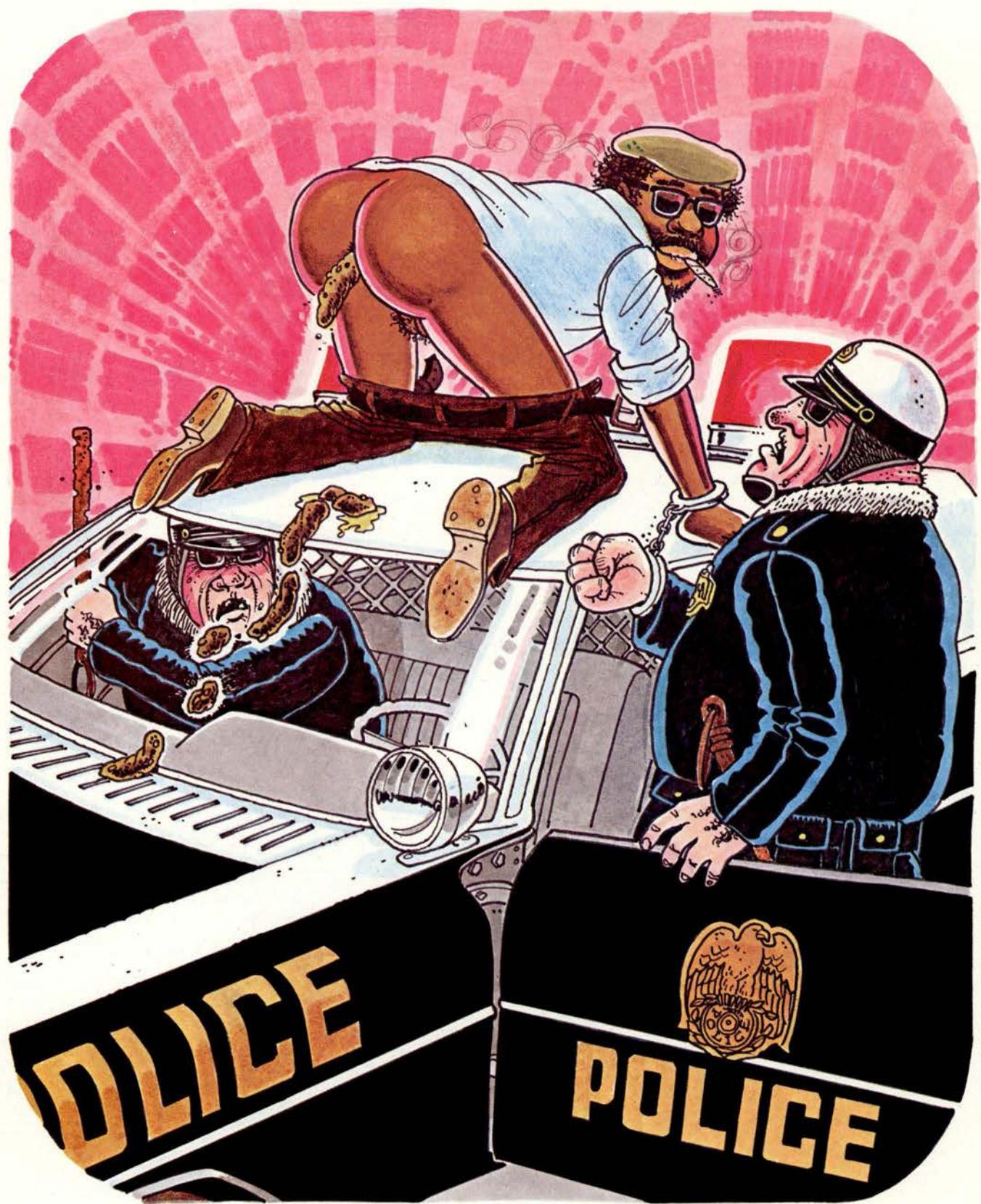
"Did you see that? That young boy?" gasped Monica breathlessly when Larry dropped by her side a few moments later. "He kept grinning at me with a hard-on stretching clear across his tight trunks. The most beautiful boy I've ever seen! It must have been at least 11 inches! Jesus Christ!"

"Well, why didn't you suck him off right here?" snapped Larry, his lip curling. "Don't let me stop you."

Since every hard-on was painful, they'd had no sex for some time, and her remark seemed to him tactless and cruel. He felt, rightly or wrongly, that he was of use to her only as a superstud, and now, because he was temporarily out of service, he had been



"Scalpel... forceps... paper clip...."



“...and resisting arrest.”

put out to pasture. For the first time, his age bothered him. Formerly, he'd been the young desirable male for older females, a sort of cock o' the walk, a precious catch. Now the situation was reversed. Besides, she had little fits of jealousy and possessiveness when other women looked at him, but when men were attracted to her, she always called his attention to it. Also, she had begun to agitate for marriage, a situation that aroused in him an unreasoning panic. He kept pointing out to her that marriage was impractical without money, but she offered to work and support them both if they returned to the States. To him, these scenarios were odious; his freedom and masculinity seemed threatened.

But the real reason for his depression was that he'd run out of money.

"We'll live on love, Cheri," Monica quipped halfheartedly. He did not smile.

He had begun to smile less and less. Before the third month's rent was due, he grimly announced, "All right, the party's over. We're going back." A new, hard edge to his voice chilled her. They had been quarreling the night before, sitting on an old log under the stars. She had insisted, perhaps too vehemently, that, being the hyperactive type, she needed structure and goals in her life. As the argument grew more heated, she had accused him of fleeing

from reality, shunning responsibility. She wanted to marry and have children and saw no reason why, if he loved her, he should go on drifting, avoiding the hard facts of life. Caught up in evangelical eloquence and becoming overzealous, as she sometimes did, she said she just couldn't stand doing nothing. Feeling stung because he took this as an attack upon his life-style, he had retorted, "Well, then you've got the wrong guy. You've hooked up with a beachcomber. I can't stand doing *anything*."

It was really a clash between opposite temperaments. But she had not meant it as a showdown, and now she was frightened, insecure.

As soon as they arrived in Athens he told her he was leaving for Rome. With a little gasp she asked anxiously, "Alone?" He stared at her for a few moments. She seemed so scared and forlorn that his voice softened. "Listen, baby, I can't make any money here, and neither can you."

She realized that she had maneuvered him into this move, and now, clearly, the next move was hers.

"I'm coming with you, if you want me," she said almost inaudibly.

* * *

After they disembarked at Brindisi, he drove some 100 kilometers in his little Fiat 600, stopping for wine and food, and when

dusk came they stopped on the country road at an *osteria*, where he bargained for an upstairs room for the night.

After a good Southern Italian dinner, they went upstairs, exhausted from the long journey. For the first time since he had known her, she expressed no interest in sex when he'd begun skirmishing around her tits and ass.

"I'm really tired," she said.

He wondered if she were retreating from him, and a knot of rage began to tighten in his guts. He'd gone so long without sex that he had a painful erection, but this time the pain didn't come from a strained sensation in his prostate, which was now cured. In bed, he pressed his cock against the crack of her ass.

"You know, my cock isn't sprained anymore," he said in an attempt at light banter.

"I'm really glad, Cheri. But I'm completely wiped out."

"OK, go ahead and sleep," he whispered teasingly. "Because I'm gonna slip it way up your ass. You're gonna get fucked senseless, baby, within an inch of your life."

"Darling, please. You know I've always wanted to try it, but—"

"No buts, baby."

He greased his cock with Vaseline and started massaging her ass cheeks with both hands, slipping his forefinger into her asshole in a determined manner and then working two fingers in, massaging gently all the while. After several minutes of this, her anus, which had constricted with tension, began to relax. Soon he had three fingers in, working them around the inner walls of her hole, stretching the muscles and finger-fucking her.

Then his cock was in.

He flipped her over on her belly and then started pumping with long, rhythmic strokes, grunting as he rammed it home. She almost screamed, but when he asked if it hurt she said no; it was just so great she could hardly stand it. For him, too, the excitement was especially keen. He felt a surge of sadistic power mounting in him, a sexual fury he couldn't quite understand. He hammered home each stroke with the force of karate blows, unable to stop or control his drive. He knew that he had gone beyond tenderness and crossed over to something more like anger and punishment. He was using his cock as a weapon to chastise and humiliate her while she whimpered in fear and desire, a victim torn between conflicting emotions, the pitiful state of the masochist. He pinned her body beneath him, holding her down at arms' length, making it possible to use the maximum freewheeling strokes with his powerful hips; each time he drew his cock out and then shoved it back in up to the hilt,



"Ugliest goddamn cunt I ever saw."



"The key to your room, sir, and we hope you and Mrs. Smith enjoy your stay."

his balls banging the outer rim of her anus. She was whimpering, almost pleading with him—but not to stop. Then they were both driven over the edge. He exploded like fireworks into her bowels, screaming as she screamed, the whole night sky lighting up and the air resounding with bursts of cannon and guns. The room shook, and the windows rattled. It was like an aerial bombardment. Startled, he rolled off and ran to the window, where he saw streamers of red, silver and blue flowering in the sky with the pyrotechnical display of some end-of-summer festa.

"I really shot my load this time," he said, his voice relaxed. "I came all over the sky."

"You sure did," she agreed calmly. "You are a powerful fucker."

Next day she could do nothing. When they got to Rome, she felt worse, and the following day she complained of wracking pains in her belly. Alarmed, he blamed the butt fuck, but she assured him that she felt certain this was not the cause. He was not so certain. She developed diarrhea and could only sip water. He brought her to the Santo Spirito Hospital, where, several days later, they found nothing, no lesions of any kind. The doctors believed she had a virus but could not isolate it.

The nuns padded silently around the ward where, each day, Larry watched Monica grow thinner and thinner, wasting away. The nuns loved her and called her *la santa Americana*. The holy American girl. The superstitious Italian patients in the other beds kept crossing themselves and asking the holy American girl to cure them. She didn't understand what they were saying but seemed to derive a perverse satisfaction from all this, and suddenly, one day, Larry realized that she had reverted to her early dream of sainthood, her mystical ambitions. Perhaps some unresolved guilt, he thought, connected with the night of the fireworks at the *osteria* had something to do with it. He was baffled, exasperated, hurt, but could not speak of it to her in her present condition. Connected with the guilt, he perceived that her will, in some mysterious fashion, was set on dying or manipulating him into marriage. He felt trapped.

Her illness had taken a critical turn, and they had to feed her intravenously. The nuns prayed for her, and she herself prayed in a voiceless whisper. The whole damn ward was praying. It made him sick. They said they had never seen anyone so patient, so unafraid of death, so beautiful.

The daily trips to the hospital were wearing him out. As a result of stress, his prostate inflammation had returned, and he chain-smoked and drank heavily. Three weeks had gone by; they did not expect her to live. During that time, Rome was visited

by violent electrical storms. The skies seemed to split open with lightning every afternoon, thunderbolts crashed through the air with ear-splitting cracks of doom, indicating that the electrical force of the storms was centered in the city. On his daily drives to the hospital, where parking was always difficult, he would get thoroughly drenched because he had to walk many blocks from where he had parked. He caught cold and knew this could not go on much longer. He had decided to wire her parents in Boston and get her on a plane at once.

When he entered the hospital, he was greeted by a strange hush in the ward. He had an ominous premonition that it had to do with Monica. When he approached, her eyes were closed. It was eerie; she looked dead. He drew in his breath. As he sat down her eyes opened. She said, "I'm gonna die."

"No," he said. "I can't accept that."

With her eyes still closed, she answered, "The doctors say nothing's wrong with me. No virus. No bug. They're specialists. Everybody here expects me to die." Tears brimmed in her closed eyes.

"Superstition," he said. "I'm sending you back to Boston. I've wired your family. The money will be here tomorrow."

The money arrived, and he shipped her

back by plane. At the airport, she was too weak to cry, but she whispered faintly that if she lived he must promise to marry her. Otherwise, she said, she didn't want to live. He promised, reassuring her that she would pull through. But he knew he was being coerced.

The plane left. And on that day, the thunderstorms ceased, and the weather returned to normal.

Three days later, he received a cable: CHERI STOP COLIBACILLUS IDENTIFIED IN 24 HOURS STOP UNDERGOING TOTAL CURE STOP WILL RETURN IN 3 WEEKS FOR OUR MARRIAGE STOP LOVE YOU DARLING STOP MONICA.

Colibacillus. The trots had been nothing more than a common bug, and those damned Italian doctors hadn't been able to diagnose it. They'd almost killed her. Now she was going to be fine. He was intensely relieved. But he saw clearly that she had used her illness to manipulate him, make him bend to her will.

He stepped into the splendid September sunshine, well rested now. At American Express he cabled: BABY STOP DELIGHTED AT RECOVERY STOP SORRY NO MARRIAGE STOP NO COMMITMENTS STOP HAVE OLD JOB WITH OLD CONTESSA STOP CIAO CHERI. 

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in *HUSTLER*'s amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: *HUSTLER*, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Model's Name _____

Photographer: _____

Address _____

Send prize to: Model

Other _____

Phone _____

I hereby give *HUSTLER* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs, of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or

portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. Furthermore, I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature: _____

MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

Parent or Legal Guardian: _____

MODEL'S PERSONAL INFORMATION FOR BIOGRAPHY:

Age _____ Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____



"I expect most of my employees to kiss my ass, Miss Bradford. However, in your case...."

Advise & Consent

(continued from page 10)

happier (and more productive) if you confined your hard-ons to home.

I need your advice. My husband has made love to me twice in eight weeks and he only climaxed one of those times. I am nervous, tense and sexually frustrated. I am pregnant and not due for two and a half months. Out of desperation, I finally asked my husband why he made love to me only twice in two months. He said that fat women don't particularly turn him on and that it was "uncouth, uncommon and uncomfortable" now that I was getting a tummy.

First of all, I've only gained 15 pounds, and I'm really proud of my body and my tummy. Second, I thought he might be afraid of hurting the baby, so I consulted my doctor. He suggested certain activities that would be more comfortable, such as oral sex or mutual masturbation. The doctor said there was no way we could hurt the baby. But my husband still doesn't want to make love.

I would love to have my husband's arms around me at night, caressing me and showing and telling me that he loves and cares for me. It's been a long time since he held and kissed me for any more than a few moments. When I kiss and fondle him at night, he seems to get bored after a few minutes and either goes to sleep, puts the dog in bed with us, or gets up and leaves.

I've even asked him if an evening out for dinner, drinks or a movie would be nice, but to no avail. He goes to work, eats, sleeps and seems to be more happy and contented by himself. If my first pregnancy turns him off so much, I don't think I can go through with having the second child we planned. I've been searching frantically for an answer, and it's even crossed my mind to go out and find a man who will share my love for an evening. But I love my husband and couldn't bear the guilt. We used to make love at least three times a week. Do you think my husband has found another woman? I've reached the point where I feel very neglected, depressed, lonely, rejected—you name it!

P. B.

Los Angeles, California

Any combination of these factors will lead him to ignore you sexually. He could be having an affair, but most likely he isn't. This is probably your imagination and loneliness.

The most unfortunate aspect of your situation is that your pregnancy is a time when you need your husband's affection and support most. Try talking to him and explaining how you feel. Suggest again the sexual positions your doctor recommended. Include him as much as possible in planning for the baby. Let your husband know that the child is as much a part of him as it is of you, that it needs him as much as it needs you. Reassure him that your love, affection and devotion are undiminished. In any case, he should recognize that it is his problem as much as it is yours.

Sadly, some men are turned off by their pregnant wives. This can be due to the physical changes you are undergoing—your stomach turns him off and so he isn't willing to fuck in a new position to accommodate your changing shape. And there may be other, perhaps psychological, reasons for his behavior. Even if you mutually decided to have a baby, your pregnancy can be a time of great stress for your husband. You are more dependent, and he is facing the responsibility of providing for the baby. Additionally, your oncoming motherhood may trigger resentment he feels toward his own mother or jealousy that the baby will take your affection from him. So instead of viewing fatherhood as an opportunity to grow and expand as a person, he may regard it as a trap.

This is a real problem. I have what looks like a lot of little pimples on my dick and balls. They are about the size of a pinhead and itch like hell. Could you tell me what it is and how to get rid of it? I can't afford to go to a doctor, and VD clinics always demand to know everything about you. I am 23 and not married, but I have a lot of fun.

J. W.

San Francisco, California

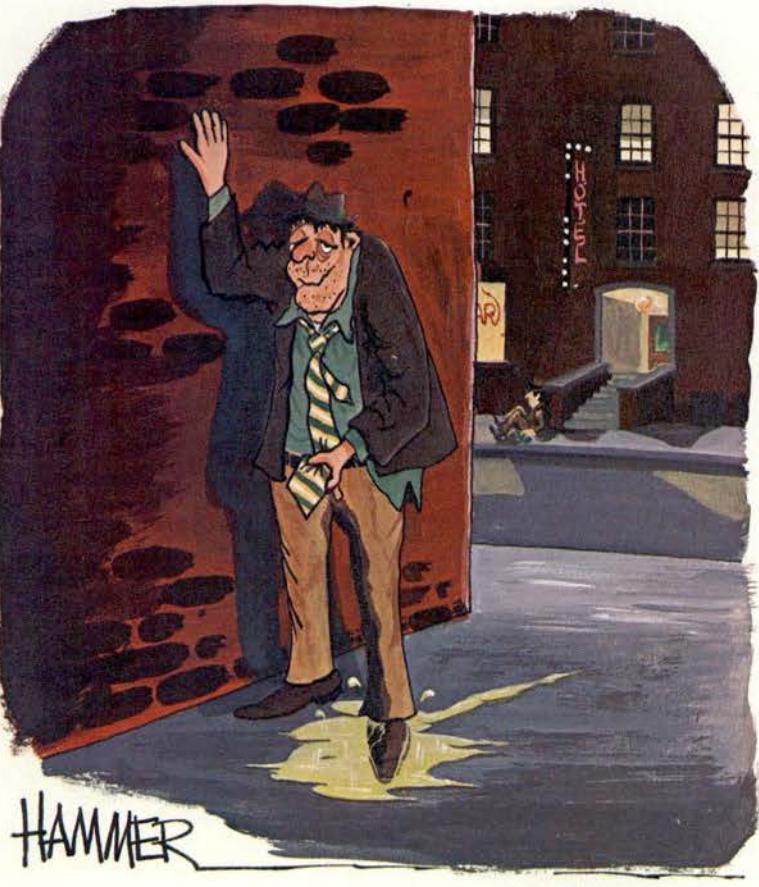
It could be any one of a number of infections: bacterial, allergic, viral, fungal, etc. These infections are often sexually transmitted, and you won't have much more fun if you give it to your girlfriends. Scratching is probably irritating and spreading the infection even more.

Your attitude toward VD clinics is fucked. Your way of thinking is a major reason why VD has reached epidemic proportions in the U.S. Check out December's *HUSTLER*. Get your ass to a doctor, hospital clinic, free clinic or VD clinic. VD clinics don't ask many questions, and if they did, you could always give them the wrong name and address though we don't think you should. Just don't lie about your medical history. They don't care who you are as long as you're treated. That takes care of your objections, so get medical help now before you further damage yourself or infect a friend.

I have a very embarrassing problem. My girlfriend and I had urethral sex play about six months ago. Because of this I have a small piece of wax in my bladder, and we can't think of any way to get it out. I'm scared to death! I'm afraid this object will injure my health. I called a doctor, and he thought I was crazy. I tried to buy a catheter to remove it, but a pharmacy would not sell one to me. I am under 18 and cannot receive medical treatment without my parents' permission. I could never tell either of them about this. I do not know where I can turn. This problem occupies my mind and is ruining my life. I can't sleep nights. Please help me! Tell me what to do.

Name Withheld by Request
Chicago, Illinois

You didn't tell us what object you used in your "urethral sex play," but a doctor suggested to us that you might be putting crayons in your urethra. Calm down; your life is not ruined. See a urologist.



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and tell him exactly what happened. It's embarrassing, but he can't help you unless you tell the truth. Tell your parents that you have burning with urination, something that could be attributed to a urinary tract infection. Do not try to use a catheter; you might injure yourself. If one doctor tells you he can't help, go to another. In the future, you might consider safer ways to get your rocks off.

To get right to the point, I have a very special problem. About two months ago I started having a discharge from my penis and thought it was VD. At the same time, my girlfriend started getting warts (seed type) around her vagina and a small one on her mouth. She was having discharges, too. We went to a clinic together, and the doctor told me I had a urinary tract infection. But they couldn't tell us what caused the warts, just that they were sexually transmitted. This has caused a lot of trouble in our relationship. We had a great sex life up until that point, but now we are on the verge of breaking up because she thinks I've been screwing around with other chicks. Can you help me with this problem?

R. R.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Warts are caused by viruses and will flare up with any kind of discharge since they thrive in moist areas. Warts can frequently be sexually transmitted. Also, you may be unaware that you have

them. The virus may lie dormant before flaring into warts, so either you or your girlfriend could have contracted them before you started seeing each other. One of you may indeed be seeing a third person who transmitted the warts. The clinic diagnosed a urinary tract infection, but it is possible you both may have one or more infections. For example, trichomonas vaginitis (a vaginal infection) is often associated with warts and is only transmitted via sexual intercourse. Since men are the carriers of this infection, you should both be treated at the same time. It does no good to treat one sex partner for trichomonas vaginitis and not the other because you will simply pass it back and forth. Also, a yeast infection or gonorrhea are definite possibilities. If you are dissatisfied with the clinic's diagnosis, have your girlfriend see a gynecologist, and you go to a urologist. If there is a third person, send him or her, too. Tell your respective doctors about the others' symptoms. Since you may have more than one infection, check for all possibilities. But make sure everyone gets medical help.

I need some advice, badly and soon. Weird as it sounds, I feel that my mother-in-law of 19 years is putting the make on me. She is 64, short and dumpy with gray hair. My wife worships the ground she walks on. Mom has been widowed for 13 years and lives alone a few blocks from our house. I have always admired her for having taken her husband's death on the chin like she

did and then coming back to start over. She is a very proper lady, soft-spoken, a woman who wouldn't say "shit" if she had a mouthful of it. One afternoon she asked me to come over and relight the hot-water tank in her basement. I was in front of the tank (which is directly beneath the stairs) when mom stepped onto the top stair and told me that coffee was ready. I looked up to say thanks and saw right up her skirt. No sign of panties, and I could see everything the old girl had. I honestly thought it was an accident, and I looked back down again. A few days later, she called me to ask that I pick up some things for her at the store. When I entered the house with the groceries, I saw that she was lying on the couch. When I came in, she sat up and threw her legs wide apart. No panties again, and I got a look at her hairy old snatch. She smiled at me, and I knew that it had been no accident. Since then she has let her breasts fall out of her dress a number of times, and she always smiles when I see it. I tried to believe that it was all accidental.

Then one day she asked me how often I fucked my wife. The sound of that soft voice saying those words was a real surprise (my wife doesn't even say those words). I jokingly told her it was none of her business. She said that it had been a long time since she had any peter, but that she could still remember how good it felt. She asked me if I had ever kissed my wife between her legs, and I again told her it was none of her business. She said no one had ever kissed her down there, but that she was sure it would feel good. Since then it has grown worse. She gooses me and pinches my ass right in front of my wife. In fact, my wife commented recently on how friendly mom is getting with me. I do not go over there alone anymore, but even when my wife is with me I cannot sit down without the old girl flopping down right beside me or on my lap, laughing and making light of it. And she constantly keeps her hand on my leg. If I tell my wife, it will kill her, but if I don't, and she realizes it for herself, that will kill her, too. I do not want to fuck the old girl. In fact, I don't think I could if it came right down to it. I have told mom to behave, but she just laughs and continues to come on to me, taking my rebuke lightly and jokingly. I have to get out from under this crap, or there are going to be a lot of hurt feelings around here. I'm at the end of my rope.

C. L.
Beaumont, Texas

You've got trouble now, but it's going to get a lot worse if you don't do something. Tell your wife tactfully that the lap-sitting and ass-grabbing are bothering you, but don't mention the obvious invitations. If you are adamant about not telling your wife, there's always the fix-her-up trick. Find mom a nice, gray-haired old man in good physical condition. Introduce them, and let nature take its course. You're probably the only man in her life now, so naturally you're her target. Get her out of the house where she can meet new men on her own. Mom is getting old, and perhaps her mental state isn't as good as it once was. So consider having her move to a senior citizen community where she can have friends and someone to watch over her. You can't blame mom for wanting action after all these years, but don't let her damage your marriage.



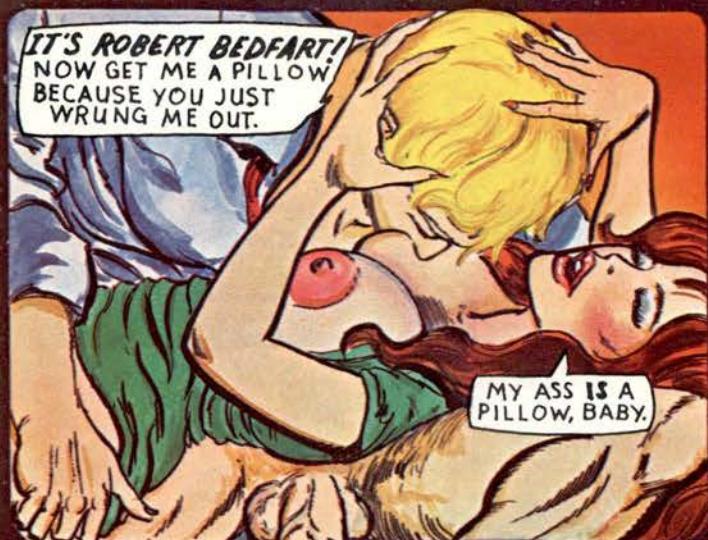
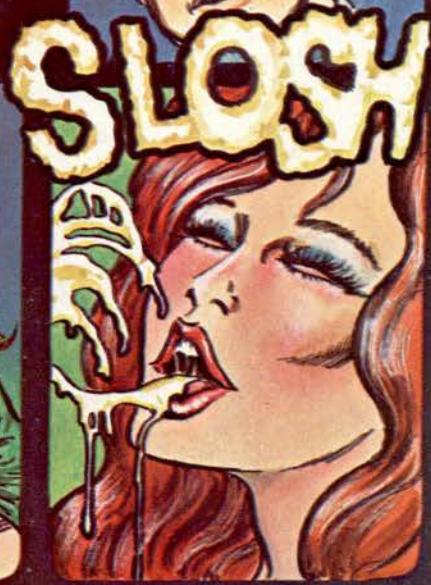
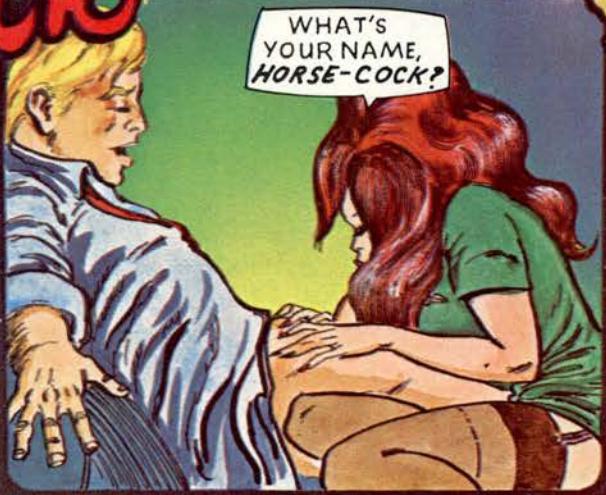
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JOE MCQUADE

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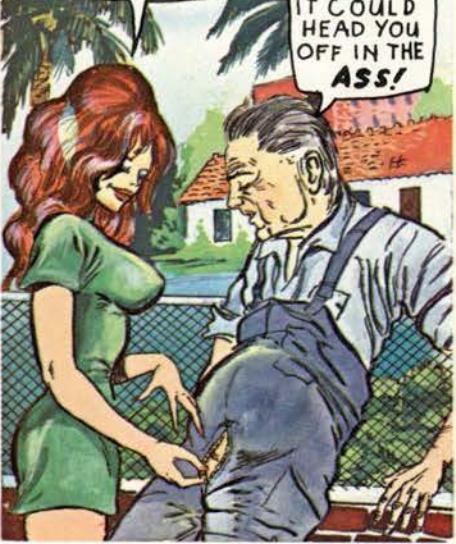
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YOU GOTTA GO THATAWAY. **QUIM MARTINI PRODUCTIONS.**



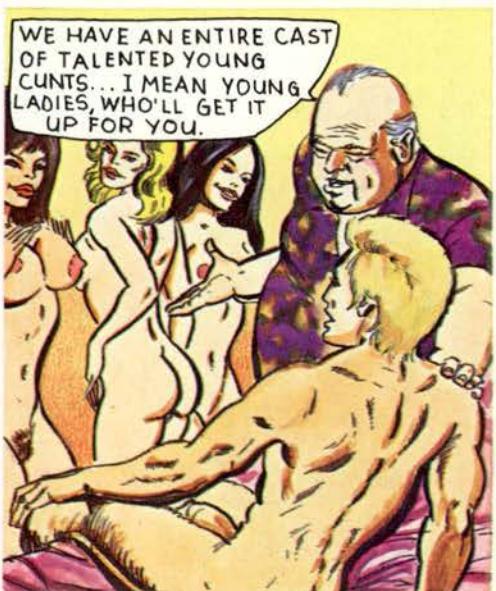
THAT'S A REAL **BUSHWHACKER!** DOES IT STILL WORK?

WORK!? IT COULD HEAD YOU OFF IN THE **ASS!**



CALM DOWN, M'BOY. CALM DOWN.

WE HAVE AN ENTIRE CAST OF TALENTED YOUNG CUNTS... I MEAN YOUNG LADIES, WHO'LL GET IT UP FOR YOU.







MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to *Mail-Order Feedback* (Product Review). We'll also inform customers of how to effectively deal with mail-order firms and alert readers to frauds and faulty products.

Edited by Steve Hanley

SCORE

This new swingers magazine out of Detroit may be indicative of a trend toward local or regional swap sheets competing with nationally circulated heavyweights like *Seekers* and *Select*.

Score's knockout cover girl looks like a GM executive-class pro, but the following 20 pages of fuckee-suckee swingers ads and crude photos of scuzzy models are strictly amateur night. The magazine's rough edges are redeemed by the uptown-jive writing style of its news stories and ads. (Example: "Say it loud, I'm Butch and Proud. My woman ran off with a nurse and I need a replacement in a hurry...") Actually, Score's self-mocking approach to swinging is a refreshing break from the solemn wife-swapper's fare that is usually found in the nationals.

At \$2 a copy, Score (P. O. Box 14156 Jefferson Station, Detroit, Michigan 48214) is good for a few grins and a very mild turn-on even if you don't live in the Detroit area and you can't avail yourself of these Motown interracial swingers.

RIGGID: SOFT-SELL RIP-OFF

Another shabby mail-order hoax exposed: The New York attorney general has obtained a state supreme court injunction against the sale of *Riggid*—a combination of vitamin E and ginseng—in that state. Both the product's hard-on name and its ad in *Penthouse* implied that *Riggid* would increase male potency. However, medical consultants informed the attorney general's Bureau of Consumer Frauds and Protection that *Riggid's* claim that their product could stiffen customers' cocks had no standing—so the manufacturers, Pharma-Quest Incorporated, were ordered to take their snake oil act elsewhere.

"Man's search for an aphrodisiac is probably as long as recorded history," Assistant Attorney General Stephen Mindell, deputy head of the bureau commented. "Alas, despite the sale of *Riggid*, man will be constrained to continue his search"—preferably in Jersey, it seems.

So consider yourselves alerted. The court action means that *Riggid* customers in New York State can get a refund from Pharma-Quest (P. O. Box 523, Bardonia, New York 10594). You out-of-staters will just have to suffer. It's the price you must pay for believing that anything in *Penthouse* could give you a hard-on.

DANISH HOSIERY

Pantyhose are practical, but they are undoubtedly the most frustrating women's undergarment since medieval chastity belts; like micromesh trampolines, they keep men's probing hands off pussies. Now *Danish Hosiery* (P. O. Box 8513, Orlando, Florida 32806) is offering one-piece, crotchless hose that combine the durability of pantyhose and the sensuous form of a garter belt—once again making cunts as accessible as your neighborhood drive-in bank.

I laid a test pair of *Danish Hosiery* on a chick I'd been dating. She reported that they fit comfortably, didn't sag and provided needed ventilation for her crotch. (Ventilation prevents the sort of root-cellar vaginal funkiness that is often suffered by wearers of airtight pantyhose.) She also said that the feeling of sitting in public with her pussy bared while her legs were primly clad in hose really put her in the mood to get into some



zipperless fucking right then and there. So you might find, as I did, that a pair of *Danish Hosiery* is the gift that keeps on giving—even if you do wind up getting 86ed from your favorite bar for grabbing a little under the table.

At \$3.95 a pair, *Danish Hosiery* comes in black and light tan, and one size fits 8½-11 foot sizes and hips up to 42 inches.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

In March 1976, I sent \$105 to K. R. Enterprises (Box 636, San Francisco, California 94101) in response to their mail brochure offering ten movies at that price. I had dealt with them before and found them to be very reliable.

After not hearing from K. R. in over a month, I wrote and asked what the problem was. They replied that their inventory was very low, but they said they would send my films soon. The next week—and every three or four weeks since—I've been getting new film offers in the mail from K. R., but I still haven't received my original order.

If you can help to get my money back, or get them to send me my films, I would appreciate it.

T. P.
New York, New York

K. R. Enterprises told us that they shipped your order the day they received our letter of inquiry. They explained that the delay had been caused

by a back-order problem, but that problem has been solved. As far as we know, K. R. is a reliable firm. We have received a few complaints about this company, but they have always made good on their orders.

I answered an ad placed by *Unique Distributors* (Box 1441, Dept. H-156, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017), in the August 1976 issue of *HUSTLER* with an order for a \$5 "sampler package." When the package failed to arrive after six weeks, I wrote the company and gave them details of the order, including the number of my postal money order. No response. I wrote again three weeks ago but got no reply.

Five dollars won't break me or make *Unique Distributors* a fortune, but I don't like the idea of making an outright contribution to them. Please do whatever you can to get this firm off dead-center on this matter.

G. R.
Chicago, Illinois

Unfortunately, you're not the only customer who hasn't received his order from Unique, according to the mail we've been getting. We forwarded all complaints to them, demanding that they get on the ball, or we will refuse them further ad space in *HUSTLER*.

I ordered some merchandise from *World Wide* (P. O. Box 8800, Dept. H-950, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017), an advertiser in your *Mail-Order Mania* section. My check was cleared through the bank on July 7, but I never received my order. I have written to this company twice and haven't heard from them.

M. R.
Jefferson, Indiana

World Wide has been refused further advertising space in *HUSTLER* because so many of our readers were not receiving the merchandise they ordered. We wish we could do more to such rip-off artists—like breaking their knees with a Louisville Slugger—but we'll have to settle for tipping off other readers and recommending that you sic the postal authorities on them if they don't come through with your order soon.

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in *HUSTLER*, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that, too. Address your letters to: *Mail-Order Feedback*, *HUSTLER Magazine*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. 

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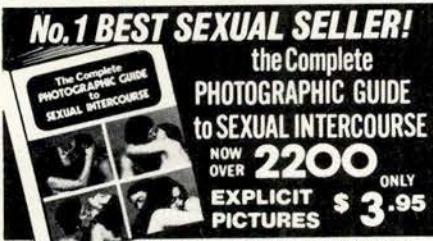
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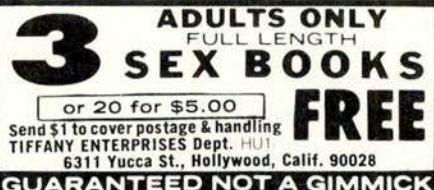
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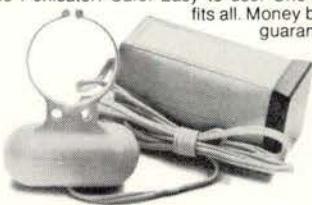
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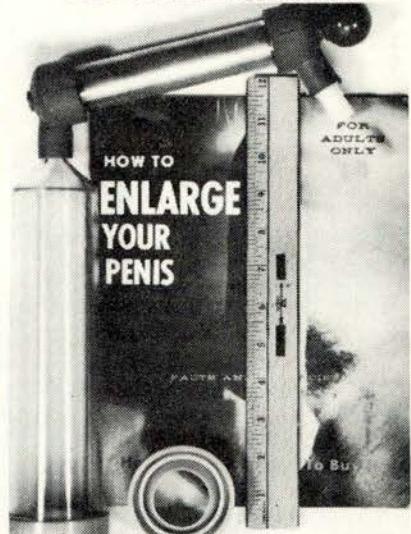
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- HUSTLER PROFILE: SAM ROTH—This founding father of erotic publishing lost his Supreme Court case when he challenged America's censorship laws—but he is responsible for the historic decision that permitted the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Fanny Hill*—and ultimately HUSTLER. By Bill Ryan and Leslie Horvitz
- ANTIQUE EROTICA—Join us as we part the pages in the family album for a nostalgic look at photos that were once as forbidden as the hard-ons they produced. By Michael Toohey
- THE SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—A horny hitchhiker finds himself trapped in a deadly private game between an old man and a beautiful young girl, in HUSTLER's February fiction. By M. V. Clayton
- THE EROTIC ART OF SPANKING—February's SEX PLAY gives a glowing report on a form of foreplay that devotees say can't be beat for stimulating desire. By Michael Toohey
- HANDICAPPED HUMOR: STUMPED FOR LAUGHS?—A raunchy cartoon salute to those unfortunates who lack limbs by an unfortunate who lacks taste, HUSTLER's Joe Kohl.
- KINKY KORNER—A female reader finds her period no curse when she gets into some ragtime licks with the stud from downstairs. By Lily Wilson
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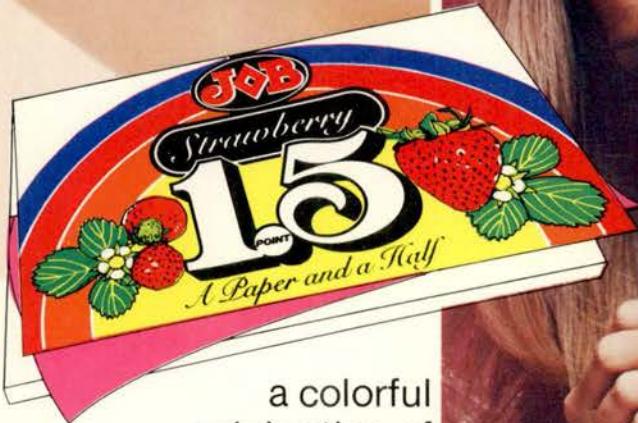
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